

Millions of Suns

Buck's Rock Work Camp 1968

A SUMMER'S END ANTHOLOGY
OF POETRY, PROSE, GRAPHICS,
SILKSCREEN, AND PHOTOGRAPHY
CREATED AND PRODUCED IN 1968
BY THE CAMPERS OF THE
BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP,
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

H ave you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd
the earth much?

Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?

Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the
origin of all poems,

You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are
millions of suns left,)

You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor
look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres
in books,

You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things
from me,

You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self.

verse 2, Song of Myself

---Walt Whitman

Millions
of Suns

Summer fades. It's August and the flowers retreat into themselves. The air is cool and everyone wears sweaters. Children, dressed in dungarees and sweatshirts, play outside lit cabins. Their tanned faces, reflections of strong suns and hot afternoons, look pale in the dim light. People sit on the lawn, guitars resonate in the air, strong voices talk and sing.

Down the road a few days ago the high tension wires were humming above the yellow grass. The pink flowers were tipped by brown, and an elderly couple said hello. The Watermelon League was playing a game and dust clouded the field. Everyone was laughing; smiling faces spoke greetings. Returning to camp, the oak tree, creative writing class, flag pole, the campfire site, Social Hall porch, orange drink, production in the Publications Shop.

All the memories of summer: creating a yearbook in the middle of July, poems written to encapsulate summer for winter, wooden benches, on Dance Night...recollections of snapping beans and printing stationery in the morning, afternoon trips to the swimming hole and New Milford..the first play and try-outs at the rehearsal stage...canteen selling and a card numbered 903...tennis and meal lines, modelling for the Art Shop. All the experiences, creations, things to learn.

Walt Whitman would have appreciated the diversity of life at Buck's Rock. His poem,

" Song of Myself , " is an outburst, a celebration of life and the individual. It promises to explain "the origin of all poems," to show the reader primary truths that cannot be learned, that cannot be told or read. For Whitman there were many truths, each a nucleus of existence, each to be learned from within, by observation and experience, from life and action.

Here at Buck's Rock there are many suns, each a nucleus of activity, each possessing a truth that can only be found through experience. People are not confined to specific areas although they may choose to involve themselves in just one or two. The Print Shop, the Silver Shop, the Art Shop, a million commitments and millions of suns. All these experiences, the memories of things done. The truths that you learn, the truths that people won't find because they don't have time. That is camp, so much and more, never time for all the suns, all the things.

Millions of Suns is a coming together of the summer and the people of the summer. It is an expression of the summer as felt by many people, an effort to gently encase the summer, a soft explosion of creativity.

Sue Mernit

Buck's Rock Work Camp





thoughts of all

These are really the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands,
they are not original with me,
If they are not yours as much as mine they are nothing, or next
to nothing...

A flower. The long stalk the small
gray beginnings where the stem be-
comes the earth the secret under-
ground of an existence. The aching
bud enwrapped in the soft delicacy
of leaves furled petals from the
green tiny hairs on the leaves.
Flower and the side of the road the
edge of the lawn.



Ten-Month Fantasy

This is my second summer at Buck's Rock. It is all real, wonderfully real, the substantiation of a ten-month fantasy with all the details filled in. I am living with teen-agers who care about things---things that people on Long Island don't even know exist. Now my other home is the fantasy; Buck's Rock is the reality. Or is it the other way round?

Today Buck's Rock is the reality for today I am here. But tomorrow it will all recede and fade into the same half-light through which I now view Long Island. Today the colors of the McCarthy button compete with the colors of summer; tomorrow it will be the colors of Nixon and Humphrey. I like the reality of Buck's Rock better. I'd rather have a debate on cops than have real cops harass me at a demonstration. The cops today are my imagination; tomorrow they won't be. Just as Bastille Day will be. The spirit of gorilla is so opposite the war in Vietnam that I can't see them both as reality. And yet they are.

How different people are up here. Thrift Shop clothing seems so natural and yet, in the outside world, it would clash with the prescribed uniforms. And to think that tomorrow I return to the outside world and will accept the uniform, for tomorrow I will want the realistic and I will already have begun to forget what Buck's Rock is really like. Freedom of choice will still exist, but not to the extent where my only obligations are to eat and sleep. Today that seems so real, and my other world isn't, but tomorrow things will reverse themselves.

I know that there is either something wonderfully right about Buck's Rock or painfully wrong with Long Island. I've not yet figured out which it is.

David Jarmul



GRAFITT-IN

No one has yet counted the fantastic number of offers by top international art museums to buy the 1,000 foot mural drawn at Buck's Rock this summer. The strip of paper, which ran down the road from the social hall porch to the oak tree, contained designs and messages by people of all beliefs and persuasions.

Most campers enjoyed the Grafitt-In as a momentary thing. They giggled a lot and thought of it as a big joke. Few realized that this form of art might some day dominate the world's art scene. Said Joan Price, Art Shop counselor, "Alas and alack 'tis the end of art." A certain Peter, whose job it was to sweep the chalked walk after the event, didn't appreciate the Grafitt-In at all. Anna, the nurse, said it was good for the spirit but had no professional comment about how much good the drawing exer-



cise was for the arm muscles. Not being an activist, Anna found it difficult to support the Graffitt-In. Camper reactions were mixed. "Non-intellectual," said one blond CIT girl. Alan Seidler, gorilla expert, thought it was "primitive and jungle-like." One short, dark-haired boy thought it was "a mass freak-put."

The idea of a Graffitt-In was ingenious. It came as a welcome change from the boredom of one-sided political debates and forums. It presented an ideal means to express yourself without getting violent like the rest of the world. The Graffitt-In was successful because the entire camp was involved in it. The audience were the artists. No experience was necessary and anything was accepted.

There are rumors that the Whitney Museum wants to buy the mural as a outstanding example of contemporary American art.

Susan Schoenbaum

The Incredible String Thing

I first decided to enter the Marionette Shop because I lacked the courage to stand up and read for a part in any of the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre productions. Nevertheless, the thought of appearing before 800 pairs of eyes made me shudder. The idea of controlling a string figure gave me the confidence I needed.

At our first meeting we were informed of the basic steps in creating a marionette. And so a pattern was laid out for the weeks to come; day by day the head and body were assembled and the fantasy character began to take shape. My favorite step in the process was creating the head. In portraying a conceited woman I based her facial characteristics on all the conceited people I knew. Her coquettish eyes were highlighted with white and green make-up which clashed with her flirtatious lips and orange-red, ringlet coiffure.

This year's production is Le Petit Prince, adapted by Jeffrey Eger from Antoine De St. Exupery's children's book. The play uses mixed media--music, slides, lights, live actors, and special effects. About thirty campers, counselors, and C.I.T.'s are involved in the production.

Through Bonnie Weissman's excellent teaching and scintillating conversation, the cast has made few mistakes in the construction of their marionettes. The atmosphere of the shop is always alive with tapes of the Cream, Dylan, and others. Between painting and body construction and clothing design there are numerous romps. Plaster and clay fights play a great part in the creative process.

As soon as the strings are attached to your marionette you forget the pain of the chemicals stinging in your finger cuts. You forget sewing what seems to be a thousand sequins, one by one. You feel that a fictional character is coming to life from only the minute movement of your fingers. The weeks of work have resulted in a marionette into which you have breathed a part of your life.

Dennie Gurman

Last night I was looking at your photographs

but then
You walked in, raining heavily
and calling for your husband.

(One naturally wonders what he might have said
to ease the pressing in his eyes;

too, I wanted
to pluck you from the
photograph past before it
had been too late.)

and I was sure of my safe passage.
It would be the nervousness
and outside afternoon I'd seen

By that time, God willing,
you would be out of the country.

Charlie Haas

Or, they say

this being closer
to the last time
than you think,

They are closing the hotdog stand
just in time

spilling the mustard
in the park where we
stood on our Sundays

an act not learned
from length of day

where was the hour you first
found my name,
the hour clear
and singular?

the time remembered
turned back.

Charlie Haas



Robert Rosenwasser



Abbot Burns



Ricky Maslow



Arnie Fern

To Kevin

Clearly,
you are much wiser
than I.
You know, for
example, that
one turn
of the wrench will
bring the
nut to the
position
marked
"Violation."

There is
less
quiet time
now
than when
(finally)
I read
your
poems.
You have
been sick
awake and writing

For my friends, phonecall a ride
home from the party. 3 AM in the
back seat I seem to have most of
the funny lines and light bass
runs,
past this traffic light.

Charlie Haas

Later

I would decline the invitation to sleep.
Near midnight, when the fires sweated in the outer rooms,
I pursued philosophy and coffee;
Not much later, I would reconvene,
and weep.

However, that which has ensued:
It is this entire complex we have built
around waking up in America:
 not even the telephone,
 or a direct idea of inception,
 but so little things as the ripping of paper
 in every vein

(Manuscripts, desk blotters)
But envelopes: they are a life form,
varied assurances and laughter.

So I am composing a piece now (I have a promising
arrangement with a major recording corporation)
scored for harps, guitars, trombones, flutes,
clarinets, pianos, voices, Susaphones, ouds,
harmonicas, drums, violins, xylophones,
zithers, banjos, calliopes, tubas,
harpsichords, violincelli,
sleighbells, basses,
French horns, and
(in a special
guest appear-
ance) the
WALL.

Charlie Haas



Crystals

by Barbara Waitzman

Handwritten musical score for 'Crystals' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics written underneath. The lyrics are in brown ink and describe a morning scene with wind, light, and a chill. The music includes various notes and rests, with some notes having stems and others having dashes. The lyrics are as follows:

Comes the morning in the wind crystallizing
joys within voidless depths of night-time light
on the early days delight. And the chill of the
night, cutting the air grows calm.

2. Stumbling over scattered stones,
find a song, carry it home,
Sling a satchel over my back,
Filled with suns I'm bringing back.
And the chill of the night,
Cutting the air, grows calm.
3. The earth glows warm beneath my feet,
Drying up the nighttime's beat.
Down a lonely gutted road,
Now filled with flowers that warm the soul.
And the chill of the night, etc.
4. Stretch my arms and throw them far,
Make a wish upon a star.
Raining down upon my face,
The joys that come with morning's grace.
And the chill of the night, etc.

Bacchus

After a poem by William Empson

"Pasturing the stallions in the standing corn"
(And the hot sun beat upon their heads
before and after Bacchus was born)

The story is blind Hera smiled
and shed a tear of splendid fire across the
skies of man's desire.
From great depths Charon arose to
place in the sky a crystal star,
and into a cloud of misty smoke,
He fled---leaving,
but then the golden crystal broke and burst
into a thousand molten shards of light that,
flung across the universe, pierced the hearts of countless men.
Then Bacchus laughed in pure delight and
quaffed his own more bitter brew, draining the dregs of
time.
But given to a deeper rest, Bacchus laughed
and gave man wine.

Susan Mernit

Walking to Town

Once in a while the campers of Buck's Rock get the urge to leave camp. And where do they go for a morning or an afternoon? To the town of New Milford. It isn't New York, but the change of atmosphere comes as a relief. Some go to get away from the camp and the kids; others go for exercise. It's also a reminder of home...or something to do when nothing else is happening...or a reward for a finished task or a victory in sports.

The 45-minute walk doesn't seem worth it, but to get edible food and needed supplies (i.e., Frisbees, gum, squirt guns) that the shopper won't buy, it certainly is. It's too bad that Ernst doesn't permit hitch-hiking, although sometimes we are relieved from the long, tiring, and often hot walk by one of the camp's reliable trucks. The first stop is Lautier's Pharmacy, one of the few stores left in existence that sells 5¢ cokes and 35¢ hot-fudge sundaes. We then move on to the Thrift Shop. (One look at our campers will tell you that the Thrift Shop is where they get their clothes.) After leaving there with such treasures as 35¢ shirts and 50¢ sweaters, we wander aimlessly into any store that sells food, and walk out laden with fruit, candy, and cake. Then we trudge into Hart's to buy other necessities---like beads and jacks. Once back on the street, we visit the gift, stationery, and music stores before we decide that we are still hungry. If we can afford it, we then go over the bridge to Holiday's for pizza.

The way of life at Buck's Rock differs distinctly from New Milford's. To us, the town and its people seem a little old-fashioned. They tend to discriminate against Buck's Rockers, whose ideas are new and alien to them. While Buck's Rock is always changing, New Milford stays relatively the same. Although it is a relief to get out of camp, it is more of a relief to return.

Mona Hyman and Sara Zitner

Insubstantial of nowhere and
void as an unlaughing child
streaming into somewhere
without road sign
or direction

alighting on a tree
understood
as one leaf to another

(asteroids reel in chaos
far away)



Then lunge into darkness
as interacting orbits
beat long paths
around the sun

(sudden flashes stretching
into years of light)

Betsy Schulz

Pulchritudinous Politics

ITEM: July 24--Jacqueline Carter is going to talk about beauty contests and political conventions. She is director of programs of the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers University, and she is the former Miss California, Miss Welcome Navy, Miss American Legion, Miss Dodger, Miss Junior Grange, Miss Eagle Scout, Miss Welcome to Long Beach, and Miss Long Beach.

THOUGHTS: Political activism? beautiful politico? politics as a beauty contest? This I have to see.

ITEM: The talk is on the porch. Miss Carter begins with a discussion of the concept of image; is the politician what he appears to be or is he just dolling himself up for the voter? Do we vote for a man on the basis of reasoned judgment or on the basis of who has the nicest physical appearance?

THOUGHTS: On the basis of who's the best man, says the thundering voice of idealism. But then comes the realization that the taller candidate always wins and that a politician is only an image projected by a public relations man. Chalk up one for Miss Carter.

ITEM: We shall hold a mock convention says Miss Carter. We shall discuss the relative merits of the candidates. Who speaks for Nixon? No one?

THOUGHTS: Good. Tricky Dicky doesn't merit representation.

ITEM: Who will talk for Humphrey? I see somebody.

THOUGHTS: It's that fool Moloshok. Sit down!

Good. He's finished.

ITEM: We discuss all the candidates. Major party, write-in, whatever.

THOUGHTS: We've brought up everybody. This is really interesting. Stassen's come alive for me. Even Reagan got great representation from Naomi.

ITEM: We vote.

THOUGHTS: I knew who would win right off: Clean Gene. But everybody was represented. And isn't that the democratic process?

Looking back on it, the whole thing seems like a farce. Maybe that's what it was supposed to be....

Matt Moloshok

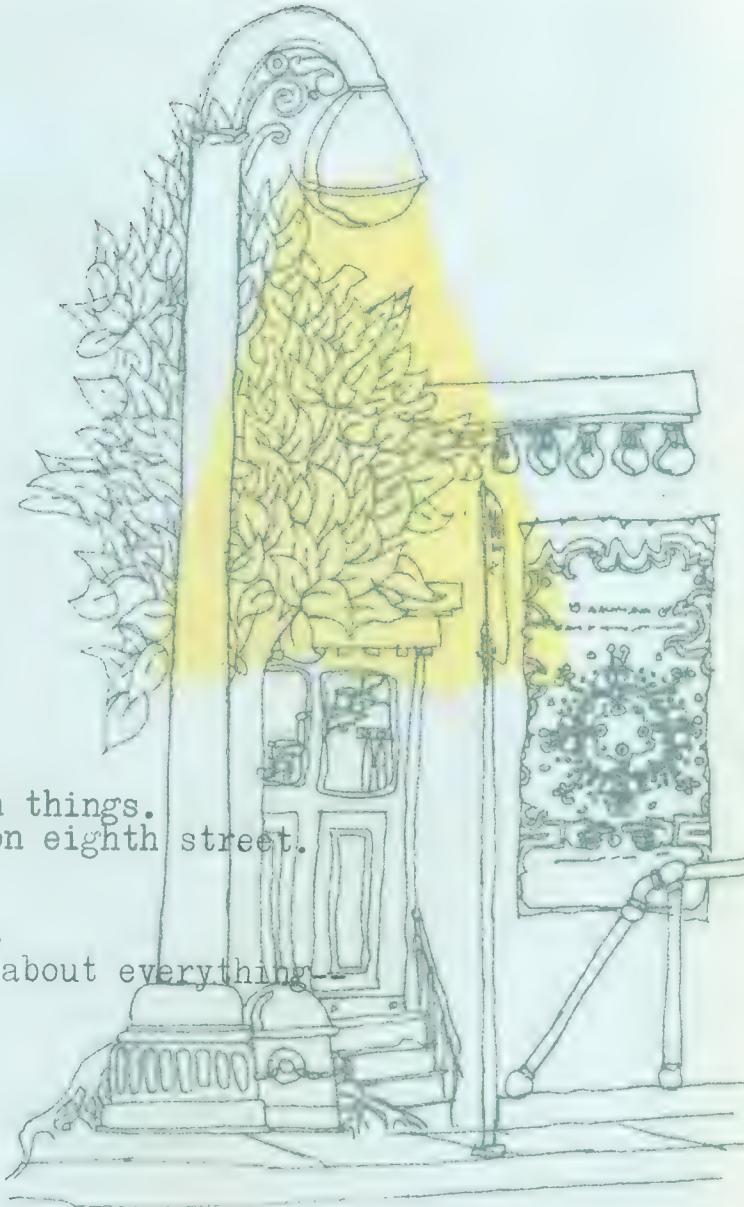
(they've installed new
yellow street-lamps
on eighth street--
the swiftly drifting snow,
in beautiful undefinable
circles
makes a halo of color there...
amidst rainsounds)

I walk through trees
and look at lights
and wonder a lot
and laugh sometimes
and cry sometimes
and try to find out why sometimes
and most of all
I feel
(or try to)

(and you?

you never worry about such things.
you never look at lights on eighth street.
you sit
and you talk
about anything--

But to
be
You must see
And you must feel, for
To discover the truth
is strange
and beautiful:
but to wear it
is terrible
and ugly
and very, very beautiful)



Steven Vogel

"Stormseason," the poem on the right, is a sestina. This ancient poetic form originated in France during the sixteenth century. Used by Dante and Petrarch, the sestina did not become an English form until Swinburne popularized it in the nineteenth century.

A sestina is a poem of six stanzas with six lines to each stanza. The last word of each line of stanza one is repeated throughout the other five stanzas as the last word in each line. The arrangement of the word endings has the following pattern:

stanza one: line 1,2,3,4,5,6
two: line 6,1,5,2,4,3
three: line 3,6,4,1,2,5
four: line 5,3,2,6,1,4
five: line 4,5,1,3,6,2
six: line 2,4,6,5,3,1

There is also an envoi of three lines that are set in a pattern where the last word of line one is used in the middle of the poem, and the second word at the end. This forms a pattern of:

line one: 1.....2
line two: 3.....4
line three: 5.....6

Susan Mernit

Stormseason

August, going towards the fall,
watches the sharp wind cut the trees.
Every bough droops sickened brown,
cold gray sky dulls reddened leaves.
Thick black clouds are flushed by light, hard rain beats
on the ground,
Sudden birds protest the wet, the storm is the only sound.

The castigation of the earth, the sounds
above the wind, recollections of a Fall
That happened long before the storm. As the ground
melts into the road, the trees
Entwine around the wind. Their leaves
are papers in the air, their bark is shining brown.

And splinterings of ochre wood are revealed beneath the
brown,
cracked fragmentations echoing the thunder's sound.
The barren landscape, lit by leaves,
reddening in the fall,
Is spotted by the blasted trees
buried in the ground.

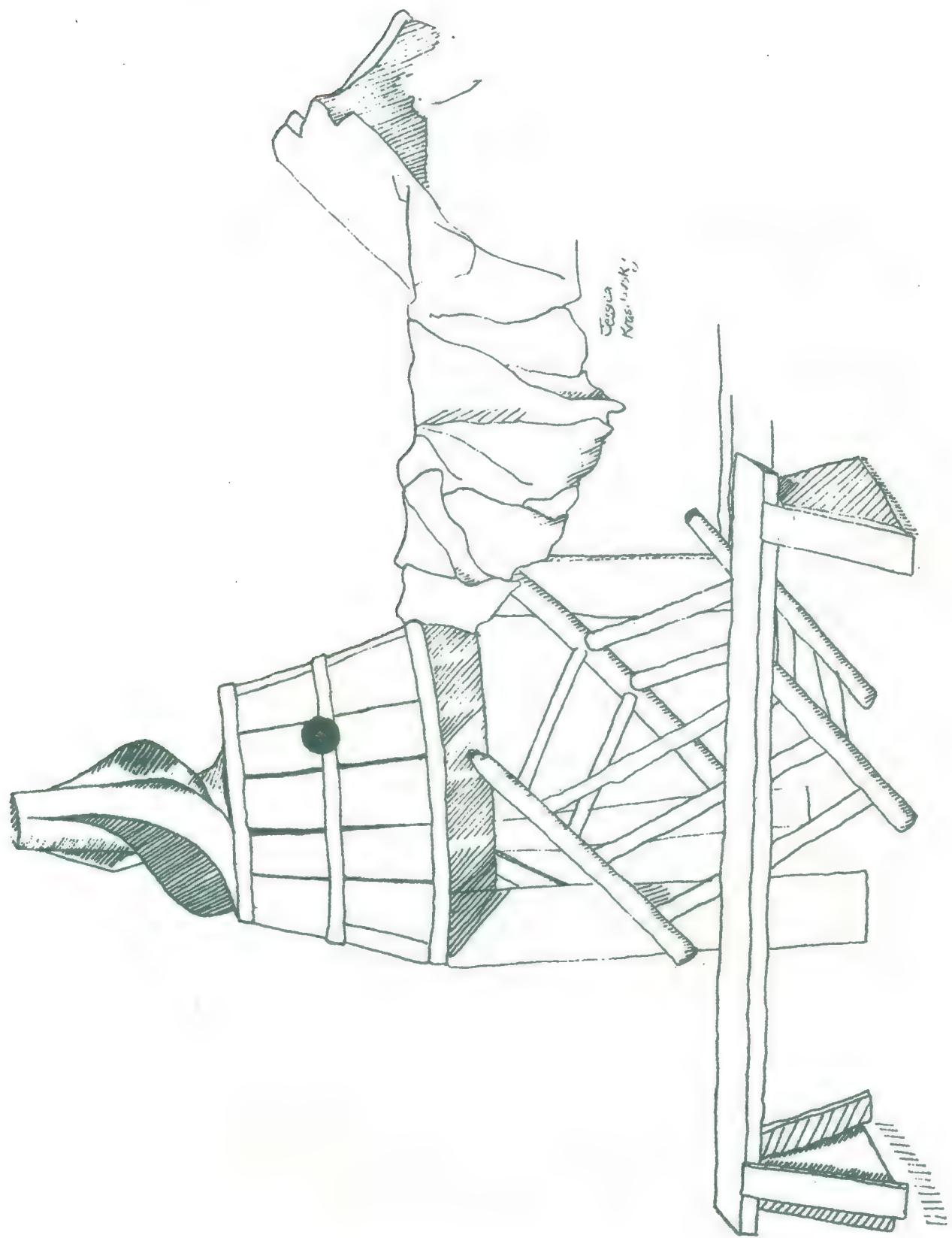
There is no warmth to shrivel the wind, the swollen ground
continues to bear. The heavy grass, now brown
With mud, lies flattened in the rain. Tree's
torn branches slap the earth, the sucking sound
Of the mud and wood. Taller, then they fall
contorted, as if the storm did love their leaves.

It is not yet time for green leaves
to turn, not yet time for the ground
To harden and gray. For the fall,
the fall is just begun, the brown leaves
Have not yet decayed. The sound of birds
should come from the trees.

But there is storm in this summer, the trees
are doubly bent. The scarlet leaves
Are premature. No birds sound
in the air. The dumb ground
Beset by the rain, destroys its green. And a brown
sea covers the road, upon which the trees fall.

Why this harsh fall? The splintered trees,
the sudden bark moldering brown. The wet leaves
Flattened against the muddy earth. Why do the birds not sound?

Susan Mernit



Foreign Counsel

We have five foreign counselors in camp this summer. The following is a series of interviews with four of them.

Ingrid Johannson, a swimming and volleyball counselor, lives 10 km outside of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. Denmark is a constitutional monarchy, ruled by Friedrich IX, who is possessed of a queen and "three lovely, nice, pretty daughters---everybody says it." This seems to ensure that "the next king is going to be a queen."

Ingrid enjoys her stay in the U. S. "We think we have a lot of political problems in Denmark, but compared to the United States, there is nothing, absolutely nothing."

To most Americans, Denmark seems a paradise. For those who don't or can't work, there are high unemployment pensions. For those who follow the academic life, there are many large scholarships, because, "In Denmark, they want that everybody can study just the subjects he wants." There are no slums, and neither the very rich or the very poor.

As far as Ingrid is concerned, the United States is confusing. To her, for example, our political system seems outlandish. In Denmark, the people may elect exactly the man they want to the Parliament. Afterwards, you find out if his party is in the majority. The majority makes the government and chooses the prime minister.

Our countryside also looks unusual to her. "The Danish country is more peaceful to look at," says Ingrid. "Here it is wilder, with mountains and rivers and all that." And that is to say nothing of our cities! "New York, too, compared with Copenhagen is a very noisy

town, especially the subways."

How about the people themselves, and the way they dress? The American and the Dane dress almost identically, she says, except that, "We have no Bermudas and no sneakers, and you have lots of those. Furthermore," she says, "I think our clothes are much smarter, I mean nicer, prettier, and the materials and the way they are made is much better, the quality is much better." One thing she can't understand is why we call a Danish pastry a "Danish" pastry. "They shouldn't do that," she says. "It doesn't come from Denmark."

Ingrid tells us that "When I went from my home, all my friends and parents and family, all of them told me, 'Be careful in the United States, it's a very dangerous and unusual country, and now Kennedy, you know, Bob Kennedy has been shot, and it's really so mixed up over there. Be very careful and write a lot of letters so we will know what happens to you' and it is not so bad as I thought." This seems to be the consensus among those interviewed. "They have an idea that almost all Americans have knives or guns...But I think that the average American is not like that."

What does Ingrid think of the odd freedom of choice that Buck's Rock give its campers? "At the beginning, I thought that most of the campers had too much choice and freedom, and I thought that mostly the kids might think that life is like that, always choose just what they want, and I think that's bad. Maybe I realize now after six weeks in Buck's Rock that it's not so bad, because the kids realize it's only two months in a camp and then it's over, and they know they have to go back to the hard-working reality afterwards."

How does she like the atmosphere? "I think the atmosphere is relaxing. The attitude of the counselors is very good and friendly." And the kids? "The kids, they are expected to behave like adults, and sometimes they can't live up to that ideal, and I think it's a little bad because sometimes they do act as grownups: they make demonstrations and all that, and it's okay, but I should like them to show it more in their daily things---just to the cleaning ladies and all that." Comparing us to Danish kids, she notes, "I think the Danish kids are not so spoiled. I know it's bad to say, but maybe it has to do with your social level and all that, because almost everybody has a car and a TV set." Perhaps this image was furthered by the anonymous camper who told her, "Well, we're the richest country in the world, and if we've got the money, why shouldn't we live like that?"

Would she like to come back? "Absolutely yes!" Why? "Because I like the atmosphere."

My next assignment was interviewing the Germans, Peter Selg, swimming and hiking counselor, and Elizabeth Ilg, tennis counselor. Elizabeth told me most about the people and the country, and Peter was most informative about the political system.

Elizabeth lives in southern Germany where the countryside looks much like the Connecticut countryside. As in Denmark, there are no slums, there is a large welfare system for the unemployed and one of the lowest unemployed percentages in the world.

About East Germany, Elizabeth says, "When you cross the inter-zonal frontier, you come to a different world...They have nothing to live for."

Peter informs us that Germany is a federal republic with eleven single states or Laender. Each state has a local Parliament and there is a Federal Parliament in Bonn. In addition to a Chancellor, there is a President. He is not very powerful, merely a figurehead; for example, he can't make peace treaties, he just signs them.

Peter says, "The President of the United States is very powerful, and he has a lot of chances to do things such as starting the Viet Nam war without permission of Congress. He has to ask sometimes for money, and this is the only possibility for the Congress to refuse the President."

About New York City, Elizabeth says, "The people are so different from Europeans. The people all look as if they never laugh or smile." Furthermore, she hates subways and finds both them and the city in general quite filthy. Comparing the dress of the average American and German, Elizabeth comments, "I think the German dresses more tastefully." Peter remarks, "I'm from Munich and in Munich live hippies and tourists, so perhaps I am used to not-so-tasteful clothes." Elizabeth further informs us that American eating habits are atrocious.

What sort of things do they hear about the U.S.? "I was told that I had to be very careful," Elizabeth said, "because every second man has a gun, and the Americans use them very often." Peter added, "When I read in the spring that Martin Luther King was shot, I was a little worried about my stay in the U.S."

In Germany, according to Elizabeth, "Everybody is able to have a higher education, we have nobody who can't write or read. About every fifth man has a car---even the students have cars, especially if they have a scholarship. But it's not very easy to get a scholarship. It's easier for foreign students who come to Germany to get a scholarship than for us to get one. We have to be very poor and very good in our work."

How did they hear about Buck's Rock? As in Ingrid's case, a Euro-American organization sent their papers to Dr. Bulova, who had them brought up. How do they like the things that make this camp unique? Elizabeth puts it quite nicely: "It's a great idea." How about the kids? Unfortunately, as Ingrid said, they seem quite spoiled, but the atmosphere is quite gay. Would they like to come back? Elizabeth would like to come back, but Peter is afraid that he won't have enough time.

John Potter of the Wood Shop, lives in Bromley, twelve miles south of London. (John Frearson, the other Englishman in camp, was interviewed in Weeder's earlier this summer.) Since John is a school teacher, we went rapidly into the subject of English education. "In England, we have three basic types of secondary schools: The secondary modern school, the grammar school, and the comprehensive school." The first is for those who have failed to secure a place in the higher educational system of the grammar school; the second is a college preparatory school; and the third, popular with the Labor government, is a school of mixed abilities, i.e., anyone of any ability is permitted to enroll---it is both college prep and general education for those who will drop out.

How does Britain stack up against the U. S.? In education, "Basically, the two systems are very much the same." On the country-side, "In America, everything is far more open. English land is the most intensely worked land in the world, but in America a farmer doesn't seem to mind dropping a few acres..." He tells us that in England, the traffic problem is twofold: the medieval narrowness of the roads, and the fact that they are laid out in a radial pattern with one huge intersection. In America, he says, we are nicely set up with our block system, but it's simply a matter of our roads being unable to handle the load we put on them.

What sort thing does an Englishman hear about the U. S.? "I think that the news I have heard about the United States---race riots, and the political situation, has been fairly reported..." However, "As far as race riots are concerned, and everybody in America having a gun, and all that sort of thing, my parents showed some concern when I was coming over here, in case I should get into some gunfight or something. But I think this is really overdone..." We got ourselves a little deeper into this, and I became curious as to his reaction to the assassination of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.: "I think it would be true to say that I was a little grieved when I heard about this. I don't really remember having any feelings, other than being grieved. I shared some of Martin Luther King's views.

Really, it was very disappointing to hear that he had been assassinated.

How had John heard about Buck's Rock? In his school, he had seen a poster giving the address of one, John Ball, who sets up counselors overseas. "I quite honestly have been very pleased to have this job at the camp," says John. "The one shortcoming is that I have not seen as much of the U.S. as I would have liked to have seen during a stay of this length. This seems to be a far better camp to be in than any of the others. I don't know of anything in England which compares with this. The children don't seem, as one would expect to find, to be fighting with each other--physically at least." This is good, but, as before, "Certainly, some of the children are rather spoiled. But I wouldn't say that this is their fault."

Would he like to come back? Yes.

Gregg Golden





The Perils of Publication

Yearbook meeting today at the work gong. I decided to attend on the
~~because?~~ account that I like to write and express myself on paper. When I
went, none of the ideas given interested me. I like to sit down and
~~vary!~~ write without anyone nagging me to do so. I left the meeting and after
stealing scrap paper from the shop, I found a quite space on the lawn
and began to write. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I continued writing all
day. At 4:30, I typed my first draft of my prose poem. Quite
relieved, I submitted my paper to be edited.

While I was waiting for my article to be returned to me, I had
an idea for a second article. I quickly jotted down my thoughts.
~~clipped paper~~
~~work~~
~~vary~~
~~sent off~~
~~beginning~~ This article took much less time than the other one. I thought
it was pretty good. I typed it and submitted it.

The next morning, I eagerly went to the Publications Shop
~~to see how my articles fared. Did~~ were ~~they~~ fit the high standards of
~~have the~~
~~coined~~ yearbook-quality writing? With a few changes in wording, the first
article was good. Although I had work to do on it, ~~xx~~ the article
was fun writing and I knew it was going to be accepted.

The second article ~~X~~ was already written ~~on~~ by another camper.
I retyped ~~mx~~ the first article and re-submitted it.

When I came back after lunch, I learned that my article was ~~had been~~
rejected. Rejected. Both my articles reected. Rejected because
they weren't original. Rejected after all the trouble, time and
effort I put into those papers... one (the first) was ~~one~~ one
of ~~the~~ my best pieces of work! That ~~God-damn~~ Publications Shop!
I hate... Yet I couldn't hate them. They were right. They were
right. They weren't doing it ~~for~~ for themselves, they were doing
this for the benefit of the yearbook readers. tsk! tsk!

I left the shop and didn't return for two days. During that
time, I went to other shops ~~of different nature~~. I kept busy in
dance, sewing, art, and fabric design-- trying to forget the
recent blow. But then after two days leave, I returned to
Publications. Why, I don't know. Something within me made me
come back.

And here I am.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Dale Dancis

welcome!
home!

The Sound of a Cowbell

It was dusk and Buck's Rock was in a state of relative tranquility. I was at the canteen selling stand, talking with friends. People sat on the lawn, talking with each other; others, who had just finished dinner, were milling around on the social hall porch. Suddenly, the stillness was shattered by the sound of a cowbell. The calf was being born.

The mood of the evening changed immediately from languor to propulsion. Hordes of people, springing from the canteen, from the lawn, and from the social hall porch, ran, en masse, toward the farm. Along the way, some slowed down and began to pant. Others, despite exhaustion, maintained their pace.

I reached the animal farm on stamina alone. In the minutes that followed, a tense silence prevailed, interrupted only occasionally by the bellows of the cow. The faces in the crowd reflected the tension of the event as well as my own feelings about the birth. There was an intensity and concentration on all of them. Some seemed fascinated, others bewildered, others troubled by the event.

I watched as a veterinarian and a team from the farm aided in the delivery of the calf. I watched them pull and I saw one hoof appear and then another. Suddenly, a wet, lifeless form emerged. The tension was dispelled and the crowd applauded.

The crowd shifted and began to whisper. The mother nuzzled and licked her son. I waited as she tried to get him to stand up. Finally the crowd began to disperse. I think that many of us didn't expect to see much of the calf during the rest of the summer. But the intensity of the moments that had just passed had fixed the calf's being upon our senses.

Jeff Goodman

The outlines of the world are drawn
on a shredded surface
paper
things:

the free fall of the wind
silent music water laughter
death the footprint of a stone
an ending to the rain the sea
a puddle in Afghanistan.

other items:

remains of chance

decisions (unremembered)

remainders reminders

of cliches like flowers

gravel

cities

construction incarnation transmutation

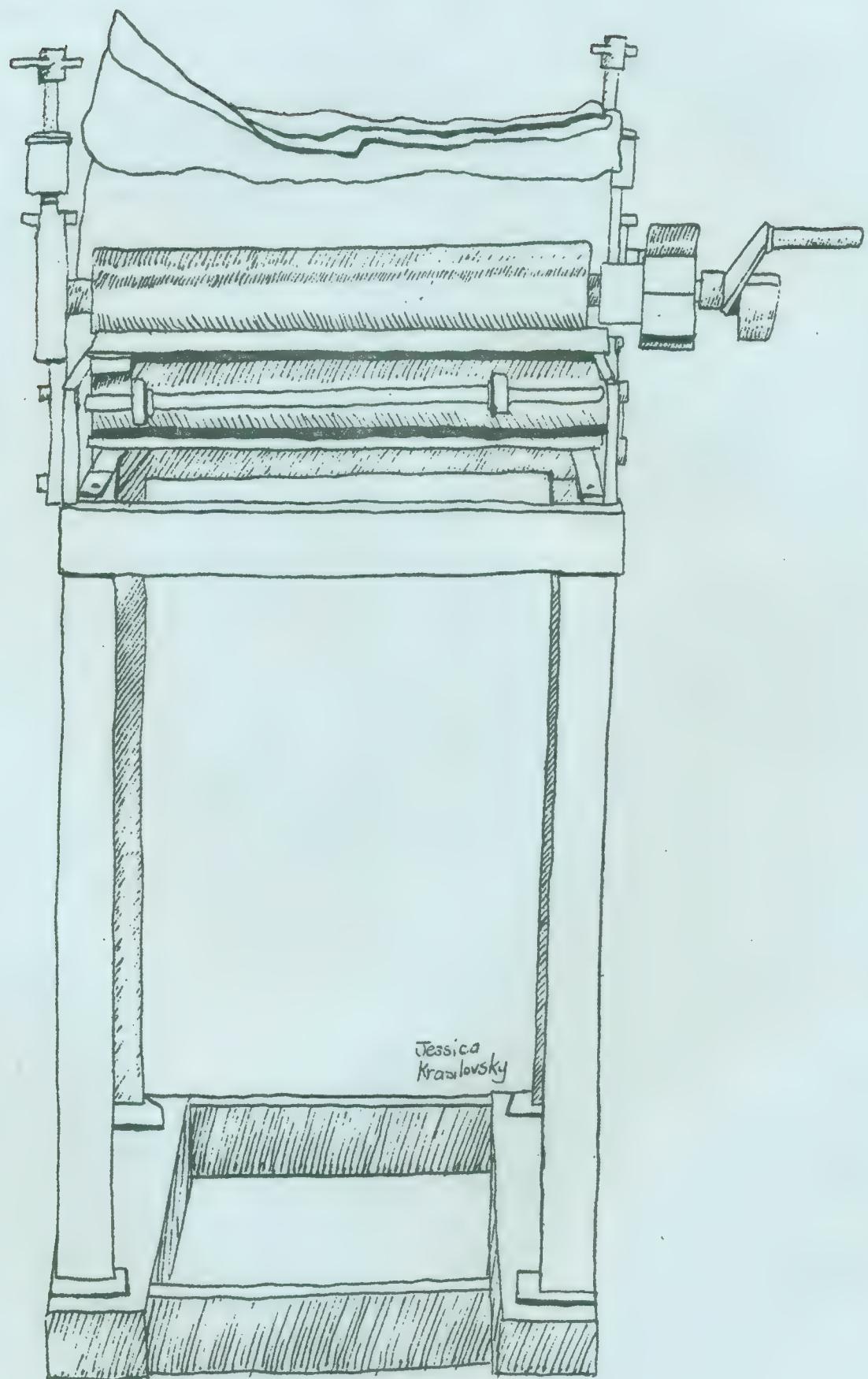
lives

items of interest

and unknown

implication.

Suzanne Chutroo



From Our Jewelry Shop

Sterling forged pendant by Katie Spitz
Square wire was hammered into a different shape on an anvil without adding extra metal or cutting much away. The parts were soldered together and the stone set.

14K cast gold ring by Tom Post

Wax was cut, filed, and sanded to size. Refined plaster was poured around it, the wax was melted out, and the molten gold was centrifugally spun up into the mold. After filing and polishing, the ruby was mounted.

Sterling earrings by Sue Horowitz
Light gauge silver wire was bent around a pair of round nosed pliers. A silver ball was added at the junction.

Pin of sterling by Elizabeth Rosenblum
Many different shapes of scrap metal were fused by heating with a torch, and then left to cool. Oxidation was used to bring out a contrast of texture.

Sterling ring with opal by Maggie Block

Wire, bent into shape, was then soldered to a diamond shaped piece of sheet. Not shown is the other side of this ring with the curves as they join.

Sterling ring by Beth Goldfinger
Two sizes of a sterling tube have been cut and assembled around a large pearl. The top assembly was then mounted on a flat wire band.

14K gold ring by Laura Ewen
14 gauge square gold wire, cut to random length, was arranged in an alternating length pattern. The 31 solder seams completed the band which was rolled up and the bezel for the star ruby was inserted.

Sterling box by Ken Probst

Sheet silver was beaten around a mandrel to form this cylindrical box. A watch dial was used for the top with the hands included. A hollow ball was used for the knob.



Mind and matter

In the cave I knew not why but the thunder roared from the treacherous seas straight to my destination. The inner core of the blackened earth's stomach was hastening its vicious explosion. I sat there, knowing that the thickening cracks and ever-deafening rattling were not merely an aesthetic ensemble from some ancient museum. True, they were ruins, but I too was part of the massive end.

The cave seemed smaller. I knew this from the lack of air. I waited for my eyes to adjust to the darkness; instead they continued to see more of the same black nothingness. Fear seemed absurd; nothing could possibly conquer what I really could not call anything at all.

I don't quite know how to describe a place or an environment where there is no sight--only what your mind decides to allow you to imagine in the frightening absence of any light. Then of course the most ridiculous of all is the entire question of where and why in hell I was here.

There is an awfully large amount of storm. So massive that my mood changed from a solemn depression to a, "This is ridiculous, ha, ha."

As the cracks increase in both mind and matter I lay me down to sleep for my energy has been drawn to join that of the omnipotent storm.

Renne Kaplan

INTRODUCTION

Meet Love,
Who, pushing his way into conversations,
Stalks his prey, and,
Unseen, attacks like a bacterium.

And meet love, who
Stands aside, and mockingly
Observes his helpless victims as they embrace,
Squinting behind his one-way keyhole.
(Lovers are immune to cynicism.)

And meet love, who
Rips apart rationale and drowns pride.
Who, when taken with the impulse,
Begins to whittle away at all he has made,
Leaving not even friendship to remain.

Jonathan Ben-Asher

Autumnal

Words and music by Charlie Haas

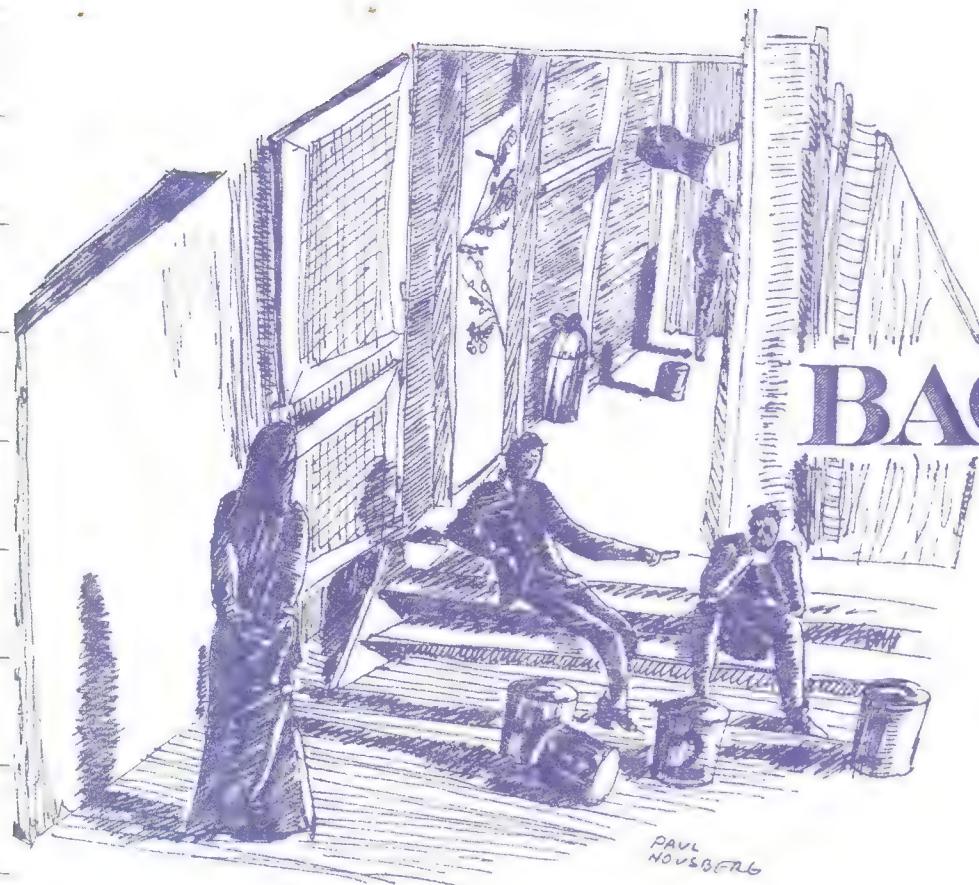
Handwritten musical score for 'Autumnal' in 4/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff starts with a key signature of F# and a tempo of 4/4. The second staff starts with a key signature of C and a tempo of 2/4. The third staff starts with a key signature of E and a tempo of 2/4. The lyrics are as follows:

I can't go back to the time you say was sum-mer when I
kissed you for the first time. The leaves were turn-ing brown as I re-
mem-ber and were a-bout to fall. It must have been Sep-tem-ber;
not sum-mer at all.

2. You stood by the side
Of a house that was deserted
With echoes in its chambers
And filled the house by letting doors be open
And flowing through the wall
It was you I put my hope in;
Not summer at all.

3. You said, "We can go---"
Even though the wind had started
There was time to talk of travel
On a day when fortune frowned as if I'd hit her
And was about to call
The rain we left was bitter;
Not summer at all.





BACKSTAGE

There was a blue light on in the scene dock for the two-hour run of the play. We sat around on the steps, on the floor, waiting, listening. We held back loud, nervous giggles, and the excitement was at such a high pitch that we were almost waiting for it to break. I remember Amy and me holding hands so tightly that our knuckles turned white, all the while we were giving each other supposedly reassuring little smiles.

Earlier, Charlie had been lecturing and kissing everyone, telling us not to be nervous at the same time that he was trying to calm himself. Now he was out there giving it all he had, and we looked at each other with tremendous relief.

Alan was drinking sloppily from one of the canteens, trying not to mess up his make-up. I heard him mutter something about having a heart attack. I smiled; somehow, knowing that I wasn't the only one scared out of my mind, made me feel better. The next moment, when Myra rushed in for a make-up change, the whole thing seemed more real. But it was real only in little bits and pieces: as it was then, and when we heard the door squeaking every two minutes, and when Marcie's hairclip clanged to the floor.

It was strange that after our scene none of the excitement

had left us. Perhaps it was even intensified. We ate popcorn from Hetty's bag and laughed when Rob rushed in to whisper hoarsely that we were crunching too much and to cut it out.

I remember how we kept trying to shut each other up while we sneaked into the wings to watch the love scene. And I remember Lisa, chasing us away, telling us that we would ruin the whole thing. We could see her excitement too, even as she warned us to keep our masks on for curtain call.

I remember going down to the rehearsal stage to sit alone for a few minutes. God, don't let it be over, I was thinking. Make it go on and on and on and...Then Anita was running and dancing in circles in the woods so that she would be out of breath for the next scene. And I laughed and told myself that I would remember every single minute of it. And I really thought I would.

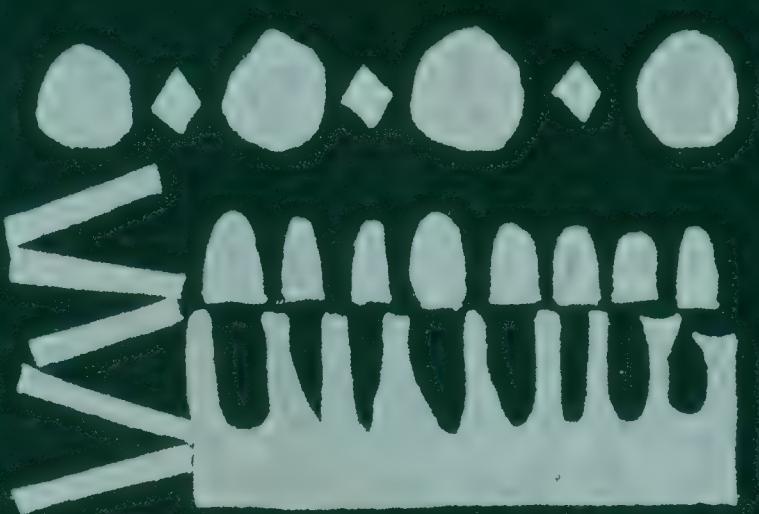
When it was over and we took our bows, it seemed as though the play had lasted maybe five minutes. We rushed for the kisses and congratulations and then, suddenly, the faces started to blur, and I wanted to get away, fast. I wanted all these strange people to get off the stage. It seemed that they shouldn't be there, and that the stage was only for the actors, that we should begin the next scene of the play. It wasn't really over...

Francie Camper

round and round we go

To be in any form, what is that?
(Round and round we go, all of us, and ever come back
thither,)...

Dancers and horses jumping
the dancers stalks of mo-
tion their serpentine turns
respond to the heavy drum.
And learning again the sway
of supple rows in black. Small
hurricanes of night it's an
effort to be a swan to swim
and be fed. Blossoms drift-
ing onto the floor they all
wear black.

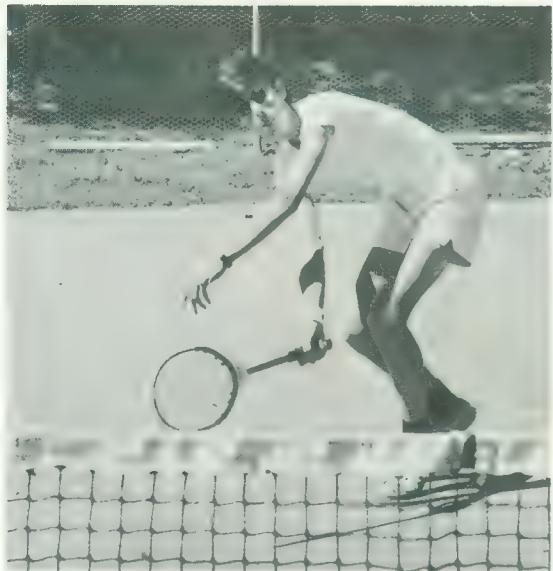




David Jaffee



Shop Photo



Shop Photo



Dean Halper



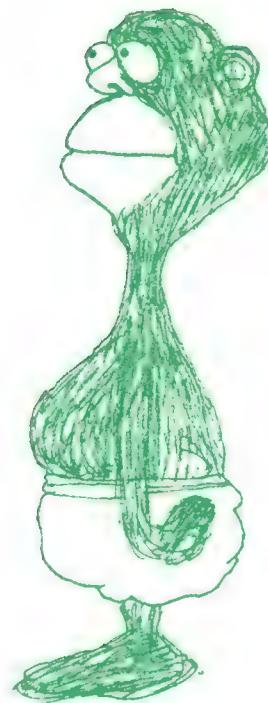
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Eric Bazalian

ALAN
SEIDLER
SPEAKS
OUT

on the subjects of
Teenyboppers,
Magic Beds,
John Cage,
and:



YEARBOOK: Would it be possible to conduct a conversation without having to deal in personalities or with gorillas?

MR. SEIDLER: I understand the gorillas but I'm not quite clear as to what you mean by personalities.

YEARBOOK: Well, this is a political term: people say they would like to conduct an interview or an election without dealing specifically in personalities. I would not only like to avoid that; I would also like to avoid dealing specifically in gorillas. I think they're a bit hackneyed, don't you?

MR. SEIDLER: Well, I suppose that by now too much of a good thing is not so good.

YEARBOOK: Well, we're getting near the end of the summer. What do you think, in retrospect, the effect of that has been on Buck's Rock?

MR. SEIDLER: The effect of what?

YEARBOOK: Gorillas.

MR. SEIDLER: I thought we weren't going to discuss that.

YEARBOOK: I just want to discuss it summarily and then move on to a few other things.

MR. SEIDLER: I think that every year, probably, this place has had more or less a camp symbol. I guess this was the Year of the Gorilla. It's a good thing; it sort of boosted the morale. Of course it's been taken up by a teenybopper element...with the gorilla sweatshirts, gorilla cheers, gorilla dolls...

YEARBOOK: ...Also the official Gorilla Hat...

MR. SEIDLER: Oh yes, we mustn't forget that.

YEARBOOK: The merchandising has been tremendous.

Where do you consider yourself musically, socially, in terms of camp--tell us something impressive about yourself.

MR. SEIDLER: Would you please clarify?

YEARBOOK: Just talk a little about yourself artistically, spiritually, professionally--anything you'd like to get off your chest?

MR. SEIDLER: Musically speaking, I hope to go into serious music as a performer and composer. When I supposedly get out of school next June, I'll be attending the Juilliard School of Music or perhaps another large music school, such as the Curtis Institute. I've been studying piano for approximately ten years. I had a large problem with composition: I had no confidence in my own ability; I used to write when I was eight or nine years old, but by the time I was twelve I said, "This is no good, this is only an imitation of what has come before." For four years I

couldn't convince myself to finish anything serious.

YEARBOOK: Do you foresee any specific circumstances when a personality like yours collides with one of the big "music factories" such as Juilliard or Curtis? Do you think you'll be able to adjust at such a place?

MR. SEIDLER: I'll do my best to adjust to it, but of course at a large institution of that type the individual is bound to get hurt, unfortunately. It's a case of adjust-or-ship-out.

YEARBOOK: How much time are you devoting now to composing, and what sort of works have you produced?

MR. SEIDLER: Many modern composers are using schedules these days for their composing. I must be very old-fashioned because I still just sit around and wait for inspiration. I haven't produced any large-scale pieces; since I was young I've written piano pieces, most of which I've ripped up. Many songs for piano, some serious, some strictly comical, such as the "Gorilla Song," which is kind of infamous around here.

YEARBOOK: I understand you also worked on a musical comedy at one point.

MR. SEIDLER: That was about four years ago; I collaborated with a friend. Nothing ever came of it. We called it "Mr. Futility." It dealt with an anarchist who was trying to stir up a rebellion in a school system...a very unlikely plot for a musical, if I say so myself.

YEARBOOK: You're influenced by your environment.

MR. SEIDLER: I've always been sort of a revolutionist in school...I've always been what the school system likes to characterize as associating with the wrong people.

YEARBOOK: Do you think Aluminum House has made a major mark on camp social life this year as it has in previous years? What function do you think it---

MR. SEIDLER: I think it has a very large function in social life for the simple reason that the roof leaks. I, for example, have a top bed. This bed's mattress is twenty-six years old; consequently it has twenty-six years worth of sweat on it. When the roof leaks the mattress gets a little water on it, and you have a magic bed. You know what a magic bed is.

YEARBOOK: No, I don't. What's a magic bed?

MR. SEIDLER: It's similar to a magic shirt. A magic shirt is a shirt which you get back from the laundry and---well, once in every 500,000 times something goes to the laundry and returns, having been washed in (censored). Unfortunately, this usually happens to me. Now a magic bed, of course, smells. And when you sleep in a magic bed, you smell. And who's gonna want to socialize with someone who sleeps in a magic bed? Therefore, yes, it has a very large influence on the social life at Buck's Rock.

This is a pretty good place. There's a lot of opportunity to make friends. I've made several of my friends this summer. I'm on friendly terms with a great number of people.

YEARBOOK: Good.

How about your influence on your own department?

MR. SEIDLER: The department, under Bill Brooks, is changing its outlook considerably. He's very much into electronic music, such as John Cage. He's not as conservative as many other musicians.

I have added a comic element to the department, which has played a serious role in several productions.

YEARBOOK: You wrote a soap opera.

MR. SEIDLER: I didn't write that, I made it up as I went along.

YEARBOOK: Oh. What are your immediate professional

plans, music-wise?

MR. SEIDLER: I'll be studying music this fall and, hopefully, at a music school, as I mentioned. Then...

(THERE FOLLOWS A LONG CENSORED SECTION.)

YEARBOOK: We'll cut that out of the interview and sell copies of the tape at \$5 a clip.

I'm just going to give you some time now to ramble on and talk to the readers of YEARBOOK.

MR. SEIDLER: This is basically a good place. A lot of the departments, as I said, are experimenting. This is a good thing...I was hoping for a union, more or less, of many arts into a loose format. (Pause) Now I'm beginning to sound like an eccentric person, which of course I am but that's beside the point.

There are some restrictions here which there seem to be no basic reasons for...

YEARBOOK: For instance?

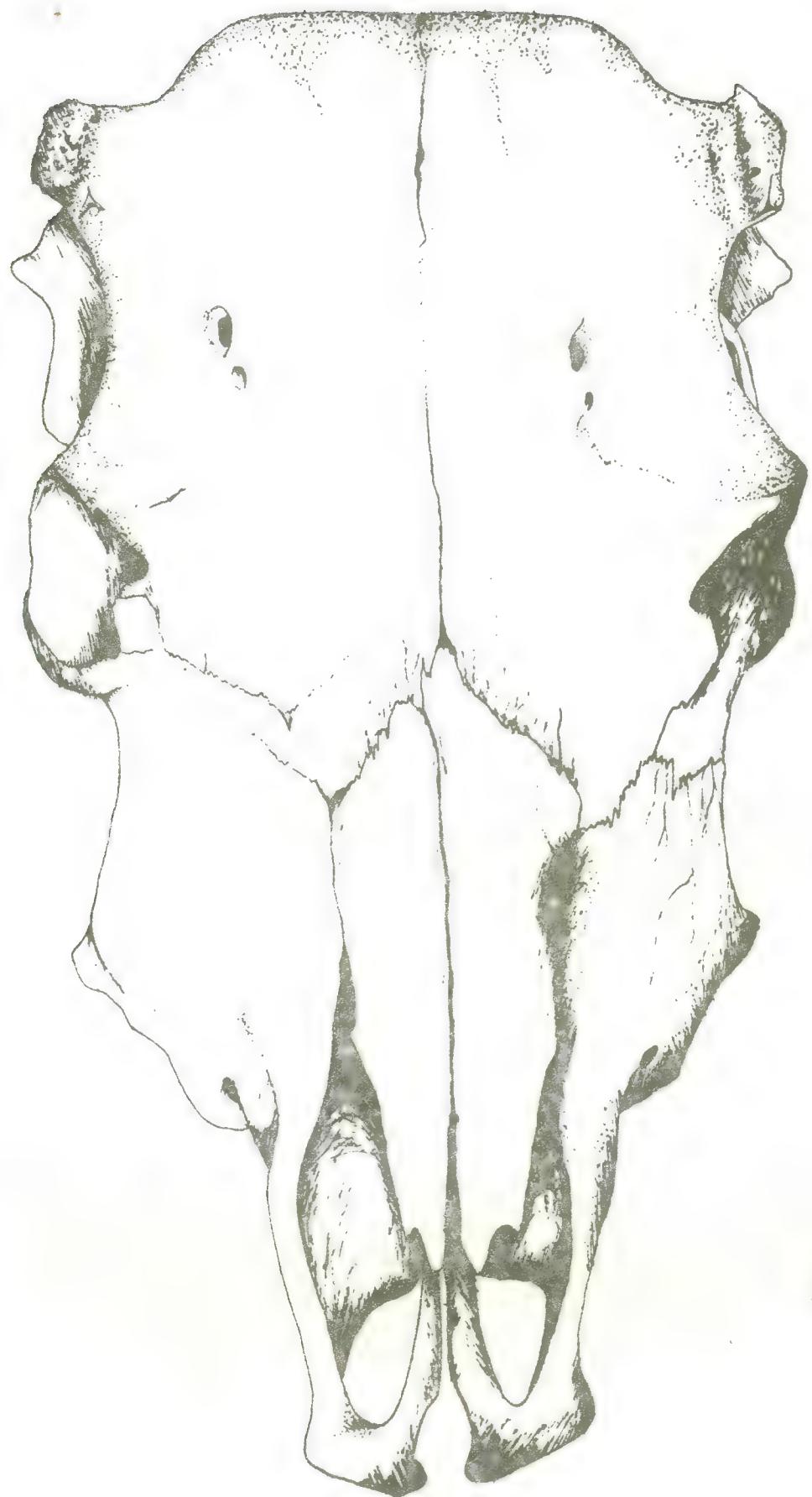
MR. SEIDLER: The CIT's have to eat first breakfast...but I hate to go into such things; they're little things, rather petty ones...

YEARBOOK: Any final words for the readers?

MR. SEIDLER: Gorillas...are...good!

YEARBOOK: Thank you very much.

C. Steven Haas



modae
friedman

Love That Lob!

White, high-bouncing tennis balls have a far greater significance than dull, gray ones. They signify the opening of a tennis tournament, a thrilling experience in matching one's own abilities with those of a fellow enthusiast.

Before the beginning of a tournament, the competitor, excited and fearful, waits for his name and match to be announced over the loudspeaker. Holding his racquet and three new white tennis balls, he steps onto the court. Once enclosed in the familiar surroundings of the court, he turns his attention to the game.

The tennis match, tensely watched by spectators sitting along the sidelines, is more than a volley of balls between two opponents. To the player, the match is a contest of wits, strategy, and skill--an exercise in grace, form, and co-ordination. During the match, the player must discover his opponent's weak points and use them to his advantage. He must decide which strokes to use and at what times to use them. He must hit balls to different corners of the court, constantly surprising his opponent with new kinds of strokes. He may intermingle lobs (high balls) with slams (low shots). He may play both net (perhaps a foot from it) and backcourt (at the end of the court, far from the net). The player is constantly planning his next move and anticipating his opponent's. The high degree of tension that is generated adds to the excitement of the match.

A victory in a tennis match brings satisfaction and pride. A loss is never glorious, but in a hard-fought, fair contest it is a win in terms of experience. After the match, the winner brings the tennis balls back to the judge. They are dirty, gray and used, but their condition signifies the end of an intense and exhilarating experience.

Marilyn Neiman

CANTEEN SELLING IS...

Canteen selling is people thrusting yellow cards at you before you're open.

Canteen selling is people's happy faces when you say canteen is open.

Canteen selling is the pained expression when you tell someone there's no more ice-cream.

Canteen selling is freezing everything freezable when there's no ice-cream.

Canteen selling is the soda-jerk's face when people request some of the concoctions they request.

Canteen selling is saying no to all the shady deals, bribes, and propositions people throw at you.

Canteen selling is resisting the temptation to overindulge and get fat.

Canteen selling is people running up to you just as you're closing.

Canteen selling is the work chart showing another hour added to your name.

Nancy Gross

The Art of the Potter

Ceramics is an art form which offers more freedom than other arts taught at Buck's Rock. A definite design is rarely needed to create a piece, and you can develop your ideas as you work. Ceramics doesn't necessarily involve the intricacies of an art like silversmithing, but professional ceramics does require a great deal of talent and practice.

Jolyon Hofstead, a most extraordinary professional potter, demonstrated his skills at the potter's wheel for a Buck's Rock audience this summer. He was able to demonstrate the originality with which a professional potter must work.

To Jolyon, ceramics is a medium in which an artist can express himself, in a manner similar to a painter or a sculptor. As he worked at the wheel, he explained some of his feelings about the art in which he works. He believes that a pot will perform its function as a container simply if it contains something; a pot doesn't have to look functional to be functional. A potter, says Jolyon, must make pots that people will react to and remember. He cited the example of a cookie jar he once made for an exhibition; it was so unusual that it repulsed several observers. However, he himself liked the jar and felt that it succeeded as a pot because it definitely made an impact on its audience.

Jolyon feels that a pot must have an equilibrium. He made a swan-shaped pot, then pushed out its sides with his fingers, and gave it a new base. While the top remained graceful, the bottom looked crude and primitive. To balance the pot, Jolyon cut off the top and slapped it back onto the pot upside down. Because the turned-over top didn't fit the pot, the entire pot looked very clumsy. The final product, however ungraceful, was a balanced creation.

As he continued his demonstration, Jolyon outlined his short but successful career. He is presently a teacher of ceramics at Queens College and at the Brooklyn Museum of Art and also the author of an illustrated students' manual. He first became interested in ceramics while studying art at a California college. After he left school, he spent a year as a production potter in California. Then, he

came to New York to earn his living and to make his name as a professional potter. He is today among the top twenty-five potters in the country.

During the past several years, Jolyon has worked to master the techniques of ceramics so that he may express himself more easily in his pottery. He is now able, for example, to throw and complete a pot in fewer than three minutes. He has mastered the techniques of ceramics to the point where he has begun to develop his own methods of working.

The hour that Jolyon spent at the ceramics shop left quite an impression on me. He really inspired me. The reality of his presence combined with his phenomenal talent and skill indicated that it is possible for an amateur like me to become as immersed in ceramics as a professional potter must be.

Susan Schoenbaum

Last Day of July

Shadows of the branches
drip into my path
into my hair
into darkness

sunflowers bloom tall
in darkness
yellow, full and wide
as the fog on the far side of the hill
fills all the space between the tall blades of grass
and the flowers glow yellow
in the black night air.

A star dies
shooting past yesterday's memories
left rotting in stagnant pools
baking in last week's heat
while beneath night's stony clouds
free from the light's entangling web
the sunflower's twisted yellow locks
curl around the night's dark breath

Betsy Schulz



In My Beautiful Bassoon

My friend Peggy was excited on the day we were to go to Tanglewood. For two weeks before the concert, she had been talking about seeing her close friends in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The one she talked most about was bassoonist Sherman Walt. He had been a close friend of her family's for a long time, and they had last seen him in March.

When we reached Tanglewood and received our programs, Peggy hurriedly opened hers to show me his name on the list of performers. After lunch, when we were on our own, we decided to search for Mr. Walt, and went behind the stage to the dressing rooms. No one was there. In the distance we heard the beautiful sounds of a violin. The practice shack was empty except for a violinist. We didn't want to interrupt him, so we waited and listened for fifteen minutes. After his practice session, we asked him if he'd seen Sherman Walt or knew where he was. "He probably hasn't come yet. The concert is at 2:30," was his reply. We left the shack and sat down on the outdoor benches around the dressing room. Some members of the orchestra walked by; by the way they walked, we tried to tell what instrument each one played.

Finally, when a big crowd formed around the dressing rooms, we found Sherman Walt. Peggy and he talked about recent events in their families. He was very friendly to us as we discussed camp and several of our other interests. His daughter, he told us, was a cashier at the Tanglewood cafeteria. After talking with us, he went to warm up his instrument, so we said good-bye, telling him we'd listen to him and try to see him at intermission.

Peggy made certain that she pointed out all the bassoon parts in the first piece, Beethoven's "Pastorale." Then came a brief intermission, with more talking and introductions. We met Mr. Walt's son and some of the other orchestra members.

After the intermission, Stravinsky's "Firebird" and Strauss' "Don Juan" were played. They were performed with grandeur equal to that of the first piece, and the concert was over. We left the theater, pleased and delighted to have seen one of the musicians of this great orchestra and to have heard him play.

Adele Jacobson



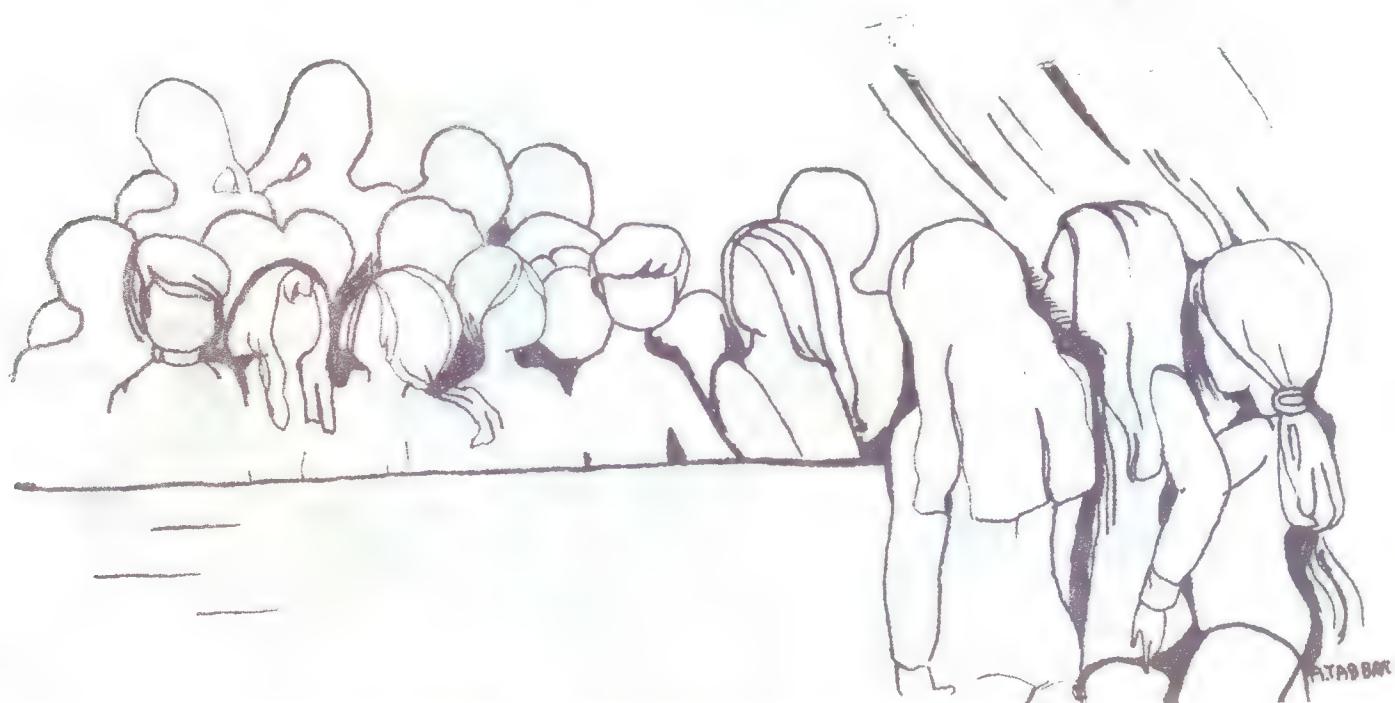
The Performer on Dance Night

Dance Night is over. Shall I cry or rejoice? I remember days and nights of rehearsals, so many of them that I began to memorize everyone else's dances. I remember the excitement and tension of performing. I remember watching dances progress, and seeing how people's attitudes toward them changed.

Dance Night is over. On the night of the performance all the dancers were totally involved in their dances both on and off stage. Everyone was thinking of all the mistakes she could make. People went on stage, performed, and exited. "What if my mind goes blank?" was the big question; then, "How do I look?"; then, "How did I do?"

Suddenly I was on stage. I saw what seemed to be millions of faces staring at me, waiting. The music began and I was whirling through my part in another world. Then I was off stage and it was over. I was left empty; I had worked so hard, and now there was nothing left to work for. We realized how tired we were only after the performance and the congratulations. We went back to our bunks and slept.

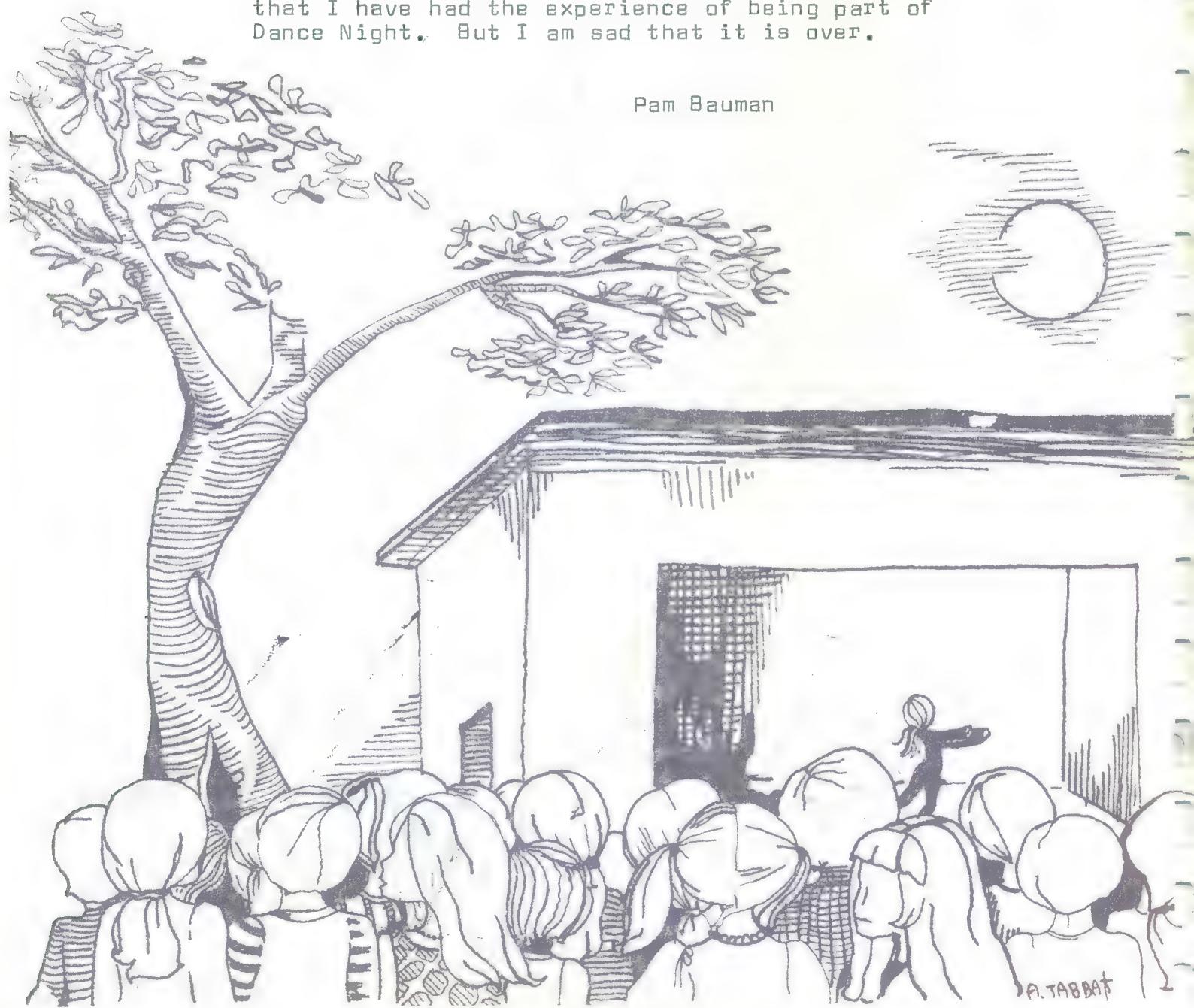
Dance Night is over. Shall I be happy or sad? Although I still feel a strong connection with those with whom I worked, I already miss the excitement of belonging to a group. In a way, I am glad not to have a schedule any longer, and to be free to do what I want to, but I miss the sense of security I had from the knowledge, "Today I have a rehearsal at 2:00 and tonight at 7:00." I would get a warm feeling when Ernst read the announcement saying,



"Rehearsal for the performers in Dance Night to-night." I would feel good knowing that it was me and that I was wanted.

Dance Night is over. It was a material accomplishment in terms of technical advancement. But, it was most of all a spiritual accomplishment: I observed, I enjoyed, I belonged. I am glad that I am no longer bound to Dance Night. I am happy that I have had the experience of being part of Dance Night. But I am sad that it is over.

Pam Bauman



The atmosphere at Buck's Rock stimulates a desire to learn, and to learn for yourself. You must decide in which areas you will want to improve the quality of your work. I, for example, am not much interested in art, and so I am satisfied with a far-from-perfect collage. However, I have devoted many hours to my writing because I want to develop my skill in this area.

I have found Buck's Rock to come as close as possible to providing an ideal learning environment. In school, academic pressures are great, but they are superficial, dealing chiefly with marks and college admission. There are definite pressures at Buck's Rock too, but they differ greatly from the ones found at school. The pressures here have meaning only for the individual. Because the camper is free to choose his activities, he feels obligated to create something, to prove to himself and to others that he can accept his freedom and utilize it to the fullest. At Buck's Rock the tension springs from within and is a more deeply motivating pressure than is the external pressure that exists at school.

At Buck's Rock a great deal of responsibility is placed on the camper. The unique quality of the pressure that arises when the camper is given the freedom to choose forces him to set his own standards. He can't abandon a work, under the pretext that he doesn't care what mark he gets. However, he must also learn

Learning at Buck's Rock

to set realistic standards and not to expect to achieve the impossible. The camper also has a responsibility to the camp in that he must meet the production deadlines of the various shops. Once he takes on a project, he has made a commitment. He must learn his lines so that a play can go on; he must write his article so that Weeder's can go out; he must finish his silkscreen so that other campers can use the screen as soon as possible.

The camper-counselor relationship is also a basic part of the learning process at Buck's Rock. Perhaps the most important factor in this relationship is the experience of the counselor. Since he has already gone through many of the same struggles the camper is experiencing, he can often help the camper avoid certain pitfalls. Often, the fresh and inexperienced eye of the camper and the experienced and practiced eye of the counselor complement each other. The camper has not been affected by the various techniques of the art in which he is working. For him, each play, each poem, each painting is a new experience. The counselor can recognize, however, where the camper is working on an individual idea and where he is merely working with a cliche.

The counselor must be sensitive to the personal needs of the camper. He must decide how much to pressure the camper about his work. I, for example,



react negatively to any external pressure. However, pressure can often be beneficial to campers who don't create it for themselves.

Because the camper-counselor relationship is free of superficiality, I have found that I've been able to accept criticism this summer because I felt it to be genuine and beneficial. The criticism that I've received has not been subordinated to a mark. Nor have I been criticized because my style of writing, for example, doesn't suit the tastes of a particular counselor. I have been able to be honest with myself in recognizing the validity of a counselor's criticism. While I generally agree with his comments, I've been able to argue, sometimes successfully, my disagreements. Knowing that my feelings and opinions are important has given me a measure of true self-confidence in my work that I didn't have before I came here.

Learning at Buck's Rock is not an easy task. The pressures are difficult to cope with. It is hard to be honest with yourself and to make choices. You must constantly make decisions, about activities, about goals. There is a constant strain to develop yourself. But you learn somehow to deal with both the internal and external pressures here. You are able to become a freer individual for you have learned to recognize your feelings. The experience of Buck's Rock broadens your range of interests as well as your outlook. The experience of Buck's Rock is perhaps most of all an experience in growth.

Suzanne Kirschner

other time

where did the sun go

where have the waters run

down the firtree hills

through the mythic town below

once the world had many paths

evils once were maybe sane

once were oranges and figs

the golding sun

the absolute

the air

the maybe farther sky

something simple

underneath

esoteric

undivined

sometimes maybe waters ran

down the slopes to mythic towns

stones were shining

maybe grey

life was maybe

partly free

in almost never

dying

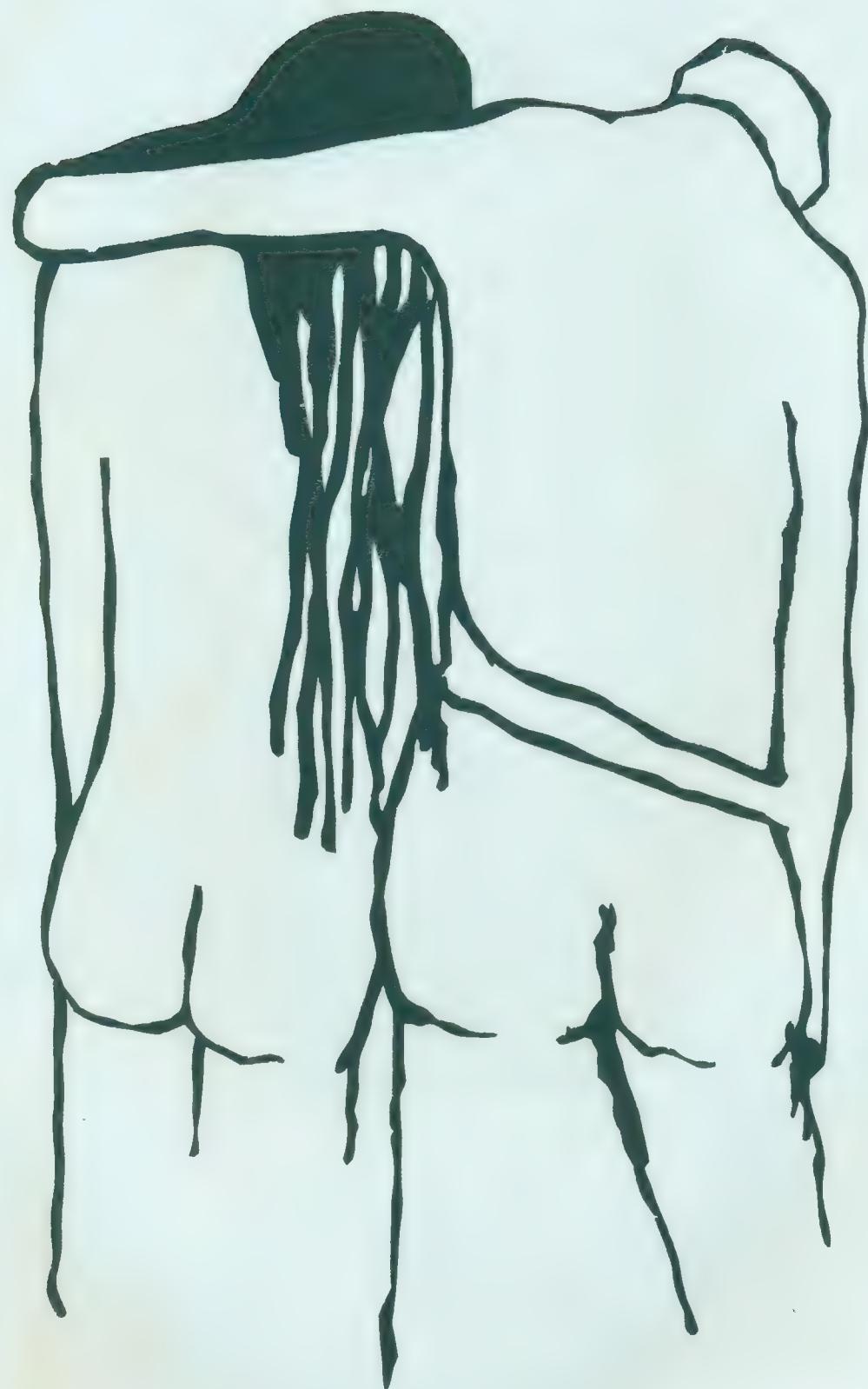
living

dying

no

(where did the sun go)

Suzanne Chutroo



corpse (a tribute)

a name. a name in black block letters blazing across a sheet of newsprint. a name being broadcast on frequencies covering the entire range of AM-FM radio. a name being flashed from city to city, pounded out by the clicking metal keys of an impersonal teletype. a name being shouted, stated, sobbed, questioned, whispered, thought. The name of a man. No. The name of a corpse.

"He's dead. He's really dead. I don't believe it. Such a peaceful man."

a man is dead. end of sentence. "Gone but not forgotten"? no. "Living in our hearts"? no. "Preserved by the memory of his greatness"? no. dead.

"I don't believe it. Dead. Shot. How could it happen? Why must it happen?"

"And think of the repercussions. I'm glad I won't be around this summer."

(Dead. Oh God, the old woman's started crying. Hell, they're all crying. My God, how could they kill him? Do I really care? I'm not crying. Sure I care, sure I'm sorry. Then how come I'm not crying? Cry, bastard, cry. I am sorry. I know I am. I'm just too numb. That's it. Jesus Christ, such a great man--and he's dead.)

"Did you hear? They're flying the flag at half mast. It's a regular day of mourning. I think that's fabulous."

(Look at all the people. Crying, praying over a corpse. Sure, he was great and all but--Jesus, he hadn't really done anything in two years. Hell, the man was a has-been.)

a has-been? no. a never was. . erase...erase ...eradicate. invisible hands sponging the headlines from the papers. pulling the name out of the mouths of newscasters, holding the keys of the teletype still. silence? no. not yet.

"Dead? Good riddance I say."

"A man is dead. A righteous, sensitive, monumental man. A perceptive, respected, eloquent, peace-loving, moral, fabulous man. Let us bow our heads in solemn prayer."

WHICH USUALLY OCCUPIES THIS TIME SLOT HAS RE-LINQUISHED THIS TIME SO THAT WE MAY BRING YOU A MEMORIAL PROGRAM DEDICATED TO...

"This man was a man with an inspired idea which he cherished lovingly, and cultivated masterfully, until he was shot down by a vicious sniper two days ago. He was a brilliant, illuminating lamp, which unfaltering, lit the dark, rocky treacherous road to peaceful co-existence.....

THE GOVERNOR HAS DECLARED A LIMITED STATE OF EMERGENCY. HE HAS CALLED IN THE NATIONAL GUARD. HE HAS CLOSED ALL THE LIQUOR STORES. INCIDENTS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN. LAST NIGHT MOORE'S JEWELRY STORE ON THE CORNER OF FIFTH AND OLIVER STREET WAS ROBBED, AN INCIDENT WHICH CAN BE DIRECTLY ATTRIBUTED TO THE DEATH OF...

"Operator, get me the police!"

"Are we gonna stand for this? Are we gonna let this happen to us? NO, BROTHERS! We are gonna carry on in this man's place. We are gonna win. We are gonna loot, and we are gonna steal and we are gonna...."

SEVERAL MORE INCIDENTS OF VANDALISM HAVE TURNED UP SINCE LAST THURSDAY. AMONG THESE...

erase. erase a name, a man, a cause. Pick up an axe and hack away. hack away at the protest signs. hack away at the peace marchers. their cause is written in indelible ink. you may not be able to erase that but you sure as hell can hack it to pieces. no one will notice it's gone.

THE GOVERNOR HAS DECLARED IT ILLEGAL FOR MORE THAN FIVE PEOPLE TO CONGREGATE ON THE STREETS. THE SCHOOLS WILL BE CLOSED TOMORROW FOR ANOTHER OFFICIAL DAY OF MOURNING.

What can't be erased, what can't be mutilated, can be burned. Let the fires purge our memories, ashes...ashes of a man...ashes of a memory.

"Why'd they have to start all the trouble for? Now the Governor closes all the bars in the damn city. Where the hell am I supposed to get a drink?"

Go ahead. maybe what can't be burned can be washed away, quenched away, drowned away. and when it's gone, what will be left?

"Good Lord, can't they catch the man who did it? I mean it. seems to me that when it's been all of a week and they haven't caught him they're just dragging their feet in molasses. I mean they've got his picture and all...."

POLICE HAVE AS YET BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO APPREHEND THE ASSASSIN. CANADIAN AUTHORITIES REPORT THAT TWO WEEKS AGO, A MAN ANSWERING TO THE PRINTED DESCRIPTION APPLIED FOR A TOURIST CARD....

FLASH--FIFTEEN DAYS AFTER THE ASSASSINATION A MAN SUSPECTED OF THE MURDER HAS BEEN APPREHENDED IN LONDON. THE ALLEGED ASSASSIN...

"Hey, Mike. I hear they caught the bastard who killed him. Boy, would I like to be on the jury that hangs him."

erase...eradicate...obliterate. a name, gone; a cause, dead; a dream--but no one remembers dreams. destroy. and what is not destroyed, leave to memory to warp, to disintegrate. What will be left? Only a corpse...and nature will take care of that.

Jessica Litman



From the porch you could see across the field of
high grass to the river and the forest.
And when the morning came you'd sit out on the porch
and look
Watching the light catch the glinting rapids
And the wind wave the fields and the leaves.
Then, for breakfast, and the plunge into the grass
for a game of touch football.
Later the walk along the mossy, high banks,
Skipping rocks, and calling it "Heaven"
To which you return for an afternoon swim
Building dams,
And splashing water.

When it rained on the second day,
Dejection wasn't the word.
By the afternoon the sky had dried,
A gray sponge suspended ominously,
So we went hunting.
Because it was my first hunt
Jimmy held the gun.
And when we spotted a pheasant
We were off
Into the woods
Its brown floor silent
Thanks to the rain.



It is great to hunt
Carry a gun
Take a life
In a sporting way.
When Sam flushed him out
There was only one shot Jimmy fired
And Sam brought back the tough, feathery ball.
I tried to ignore the red and grey
Spreading across my mind
The canvas getting redder and redder
On that cool, wet day in September.
And when we ate the pheasant that night
The throbbing started.
That whole evening my mind was red
My face scarlet.

The next morning as I watched the river
The beauty of the mountains seemed all that existed.

Matt Moloshok

Nerves of Bastille

On the morning of July 14, 1968, the 179th anniversary of the storming of the French Bastille, Buck's Rock successfully stormed its own.

Loudspeakers, placed throughout camp by the LSD C.I.T.s, woke Buck's Rock with the shrill sweetness of Kate Smith's "God Bless America." This was immediately followed by the C.I.T. choir, performing the celebrated "Gorilla Song."

Later in the morning, the C.I.T.s headed for Lower Siberia and there erected the Bastille, a mammoth symbol of all that is evil: tyranny, oppression, and having to show up for first breakfast. At the afternoon work gong, the entire camp assembled on the lawn for the solemn and appropriate ceremonies. Alan Seidler spoke eloquently of revolution. Daniel Mehlman cut a tomato. Arnold Fern brushed his teeth.

The C.I.T.s, each sporting a red armband, led the Buck's Rock rebels to their friendly local Bastille. C.I.T. musicians filled the air with the strains of the Marseillaise. A mêlée followed which swiftly wiped out all remaining vestiges of the pre-revolutionary period in provincial New Milford: in the true revolutionary tradition, the campers destroyed the Bastille. Its ingredients---cardboard cartons, water-balloons, shaving-cream, and chicken fat---flew fast and furiously through the air.

When the excitement was over, the C.I.T.s celebrated their victory at Carvel's. They spent the remainder of the day refusing to serve meals and trying to do as little work as possible.

Vive la révolution!

Robert Steiner

The Ended Summer

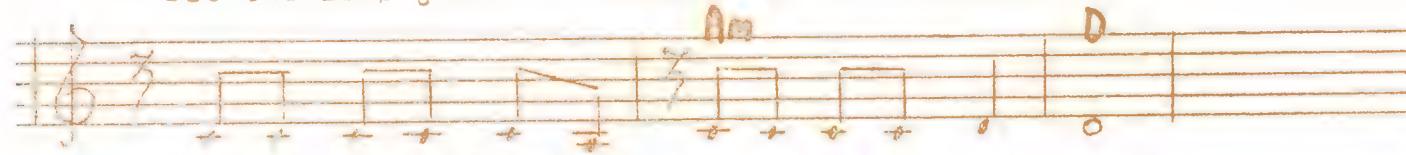
Words and music by Charlie Haas



There used to be a cell-o-phonie lamp down on the
corner to help the people find their way back home.



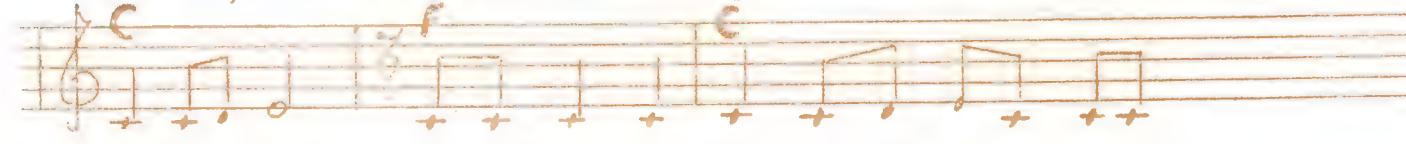
But the lamp just flickered out this summer.



Now the people have to find a way of their own.



If you want to know how it's go-in Why not just stop



by any time? If you want to know how its go-in any



friend of the ended summer is a friend of mine.

2. There was a man who stood under clouds that were frosted
He'd always take your hand if you started to fall
But something happened when someone was asking him questions
And since this summer I haven't seen him at all (CHORUS)

3. There was a time when people would sit in the grassfields
Underneath the trees where the shadows were posed
The trees were locked away in a big glass building
And I haven't seen any grass since the summer was closed (CHORUS)

(It's All on Film, Anyhow)

Last Monday I said to hell with you (the print shop) and took the morning off to go riding. I got on (the horse) and we worked out for a little while. We started the jumping by warming up in the ring. A kid named Tom (I think) built the jump---a cross-rail spread, about two-and-a-half feet high. It was my fourth jump in about a year, and Lynne filmed the whole thing.

There just wasn't enough speed or control in the whole approach to the jump and I forgot the kind of horse I was on. It was a cow. No, it wasn't really. About three strides (horse steps) before the take-off, I realized what was wrong (not enough speed or control. I said that up there.) But it was a little late to do much about it and I wasn't thinking too quickly yet. The take-off never happened, and we were standing there staring at a cross-rail spread that's about two-and-a-half-feet high. Knowing that it would have loused up the whole thing, I didn't look down until it dawned on my poor typewriter-battered mind that we (me and the horse) weren't going over, and I happened to notice that I was sitting on the far side of the jump (as I said, the whole thing is on film).

The surprise woke us both up, and after a few more warm-ups we took all the jumps in the field twice (all except the last one, where Lynne says the footing was bad).

Betsy Schulz

Labor

The bloated blackbellied bovine beauty
eyes a curious circus
And piously bleating at every purging surge of body
the crowd contorts, craning further into the ring
As the burdened bulk,
bound by pitiless chain, coaxing hands,
Bears alone her wrinkled babe.

Emmy Glicksman



It seems that each year Buck's Rock has its own collective hang-up. Last year it was androids and muffins. This year everyone is talking about gorillas, and those who don't discuss gorillas are talking about running Ernst Bulova for President. Although the possibility of a gong on the White House lawn scares many people, the idea is very attractive to a certain group of progressive liberals found for the greater part of the day in the Print and Publications Shop.

The 1968 campaign for Ernst Bulova was launched under the competent direction of Joanne Rom and Paul Taub. The first problem they faced was that of publicizing the campaign to all potential contributors without disclosing the information to the whole camp. Many of the Print Shop "regulars" began to circulate buttons which said "project E.S.P." This gimmick served its purpose quite well; it aroused curiosity. People found it very frustrating to approach one of the bearers of the E.S.P. button, since the only response they got to their many inquiries was, "Shh."

As the project progressed, its creators found it increasingly simple to jest at the camp as well as the country. Among the more creative satires were the Bulova Moose Party Platform, the Alex Stein version of a dollar, the Ernst Bulova biography, and the Ernst-Bulova-for-President Campaign, Chowder and Marching Song.

The kit was supplemented with such gimmicks as an "It's Bulova Time" bumper sticker and an "Ernie for President" campaign poster. Such things as pledge cards, the Ilse Bird article, the

campaign speech booklet, and the campaign button sale sheet added to the humor and the overall absurdity of the Lampoon.

After a week of hard work, the shop was finally ready to present its project to the camp, and decided to do so at the campfire on Sunday, July 28. The campfire started out quite normally. Fred Spiegel and Andy Polon were leading the camp in song when suddenly a strange sound was heard in the background: the purr of a 1960 Oldsmobile and what sounded like a modified Mickey Mouse Fan Club Song.

The car rounded the bend at the head of the road, and the group of demonstrators was clearly visible to the rest of the camp. On a cue, the record player began to play "Stars and Stripes Forever" and the group marched up to the campfire, carrying 600 campaign kits and a dozen "Ernie-for-President" posters.

After a brilliant campaign speech by Ernie and a short recital by Charlie Haas, the campaign kits were distributed. Everyone enjoyed the Lampoon tremendously, and for two days afterward, Ernie promoted his popularity by picking up the remains of Alex Stein's dollar bills and Bulova-for-President pledge cards.

Mike Graver

CERAMICS BY:

1. Penny Schwartz--wheel thrown
incised decoration
2. Robert Bleiweiss--terra
cotta sculpture
3. Liz Rosenblum--coil pots
textured
4. Scott Camazine--stoneware pot
wheel thrown
5. Scott Camazine--stoneware
cookie jar, incised decoration
6. Kathy Katin--underglaze
decoration
7. Ed Loeb--stoneware vase
made on potters wheel





north

as winter returns
the birth of snow:
a virgin birth of white
protects the burial grounds
of summer
once removed
and once been

east

the sun ignites
and darkens hearts
that, once chilled gay,
mourn
the coming
of the flowers
and the perfumed world

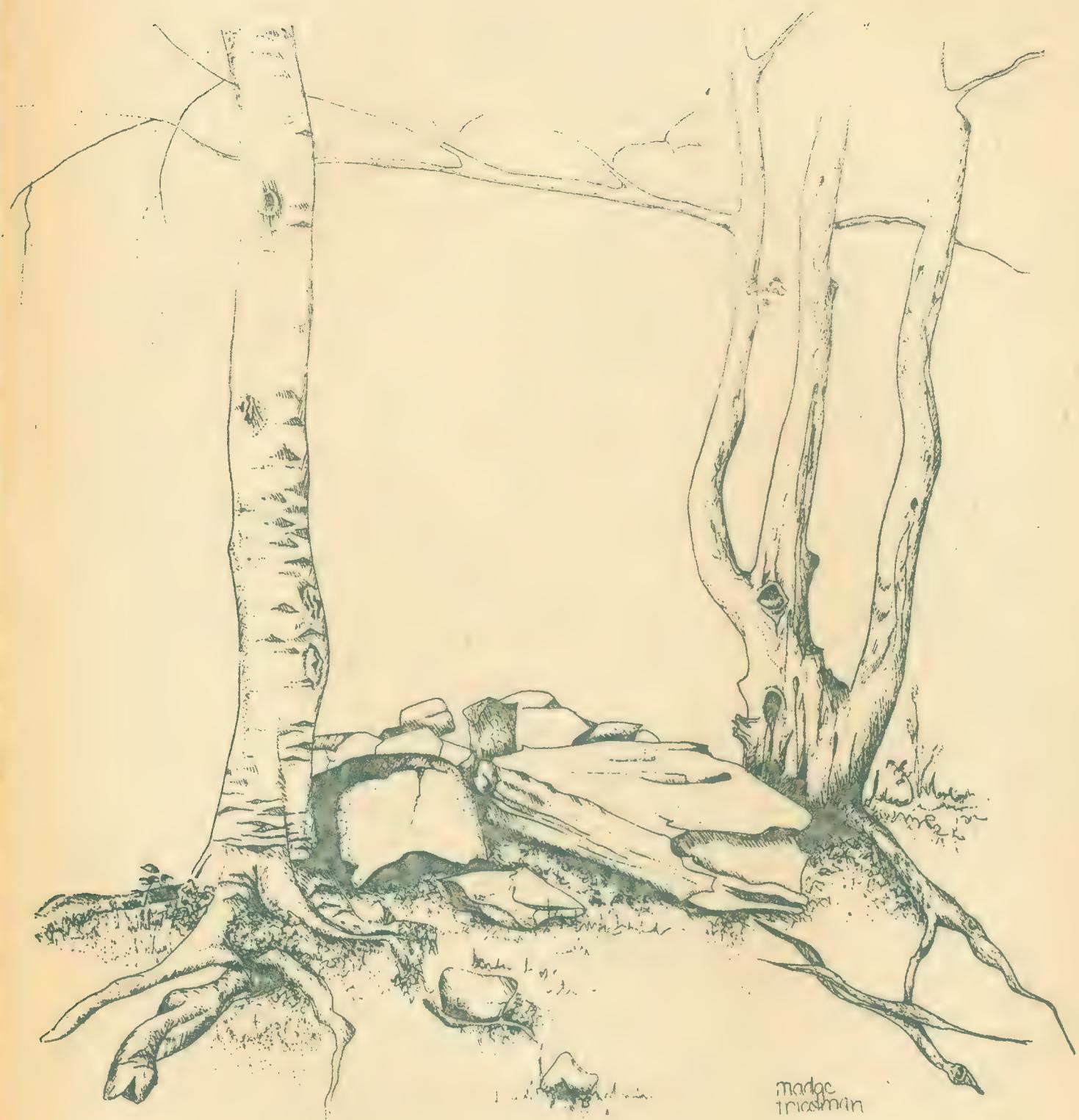
the heat of death
becomes
the cool spice of laughter
and autumn
is
from green
to resurrected reds
and hues of the fallen
leaves

west

around me, twirling,
summer breeze
decrees
the ways in which i travel---
through blurry afternoons
and mornings caged in light
envapored bodies lie
below the summer sun

south

joanne rom



To Last the e h Stunt

"Turn the goddam light off or..."

"Okay, okay! It's off!"

dark silence

"Damn it, we haven't left our mark on Buck's Rock yet. I feel like something has got to happen before the summer is over. We've got to pull something off!"

silence...again...

"A pay-later subscription to 'Playboy' for Ernst?"

"Don't think that he would appreciate it."

"Oh."

"Release moths on Ernst's 18 million shirts?"

"You're not very subtle, are you?"

"Guess not."

one more time...silence

"Take the batteries out of Jim's flashlight?"

"Jim who?"

"Forget it."

"It's forgotten."

seething silence...

"Shave the beards off Blumenfeld, Gerstein and Yockers while they're asleep?"

"Ugh."

"Throw water all over 'Der Gestafax'?"

"Good, but..."

"Oh."

silence...eerie...

"Tie tin cans to Pablo's tail and release Oliver?"

"Ugh." Again that word of disgust.

"How about running an electric current through the gong?"

"Gross!"

"It was an idea, at least."

"At least."

silence...undefinable...

"Write an article for the yearbook about the trials and tribulations of thinking up a good, memorable, soul-satisfying stunt?"

"Terrible."

"It'll never work."

"Okay, okay, it was just a suggestion. You think of a better one."

silence...gravelike...unproductive...

"Think, gentlemen, think." Not too much enthusiasm in that.

"Damn it."

"Christ."

"\$@%#!"

"Well, that's that I guess."

"It's hopeless."

"Maybe next year."

"Yeah..."

"Sure..."

"Next year....."

Edward Hayman



24 KODAK SAFETY FILM



25



26 KODAK SAFETY FILM



27 KODAK SAFETY FILM



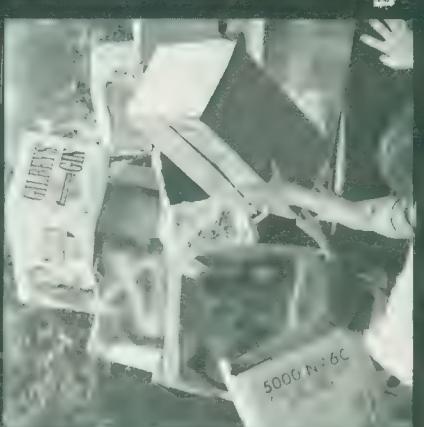
28 KODAK SAFETY FILM



29 KODAK SAFETY FILM



30



31 KODAK SAFETY FILM



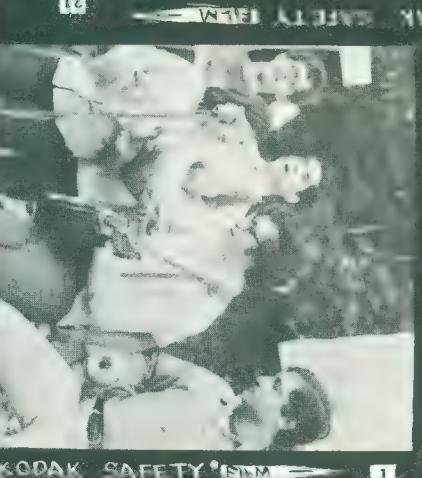
32 KODAK SAFETY FILM



33 KODAK SAFETY FILM



34



KODAK SAFETY FILM

1

2

KODAK SAFETY FILM

3

songs of many former folk singers are now a mixture of both rock and folk. Bob Dylan's songs used to be either pure folk or obvious political commentary. Now his lyrics deal with drugs and love and are more obscure; he uses instruments other than his guitar and his harmonica. Drums and bass add a rock quality to his music. New rock groups have incorporated certain folk-music elements into their songs. Their lyrics, too, have become more obscure. The music of groups such as the Jefferson Airplane, the Doors, and the Mamas and the Papas, is far more interesting and complex than the music of groups such as the Beach Boys and the Four Seasons.

Pop artists and groups are leaders. Groups such as the Beatles have influenced other groups and have subtly changed the tastes of today's youth. Their long hair, their dress, and many of their fascinations have been adopted by the Beatles' audience. Possibilities in music are limitless, and pop groups today are exploring new ideas. Their experiments have served to develop popular music and to make it much more interesting.

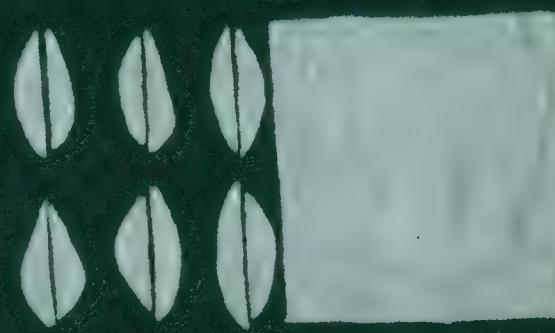
Nancy Gross

The light fades. The sky turns from blue to gray to sunset red and then that fades. The sunset gone from night sky will become early dawn the stars hide behind the evening. There is no faint rose of sun no brilliant diamonds for the night there is only the still current of gray sky at night.

green stuff woven

A child said What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands,
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.



Vegetating soundlessly
underneath the inchworm,
blending,

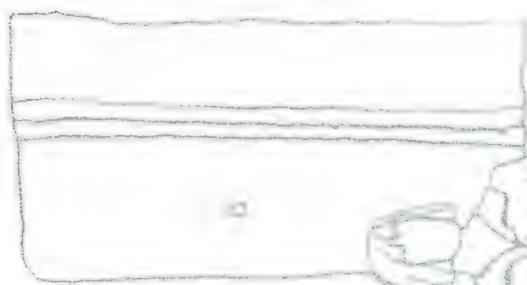
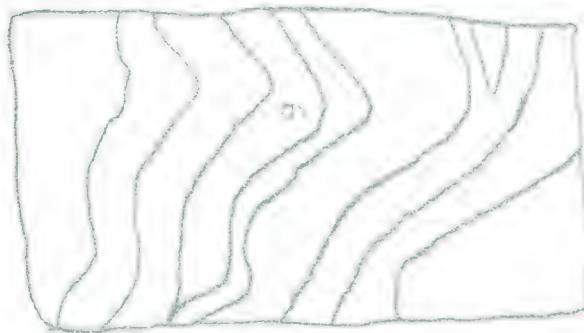
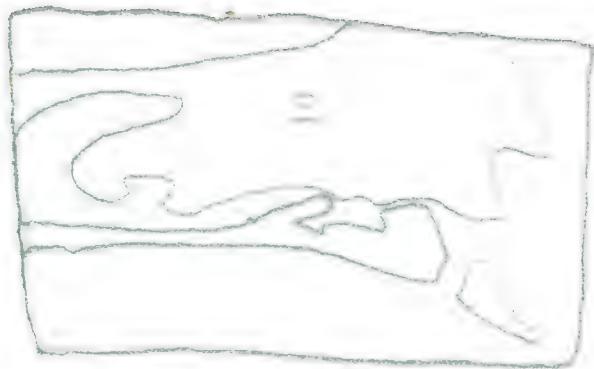
The mind closes
clamped to contemplation.

Merging carelessly
with transparent leaves
that overlap opaquely.

and the inchworm,
 peeks out cautiously,
 spins a few cliches,
dissolves within the green
within my eyes
 cowering in the
 camouflage of forgetting.

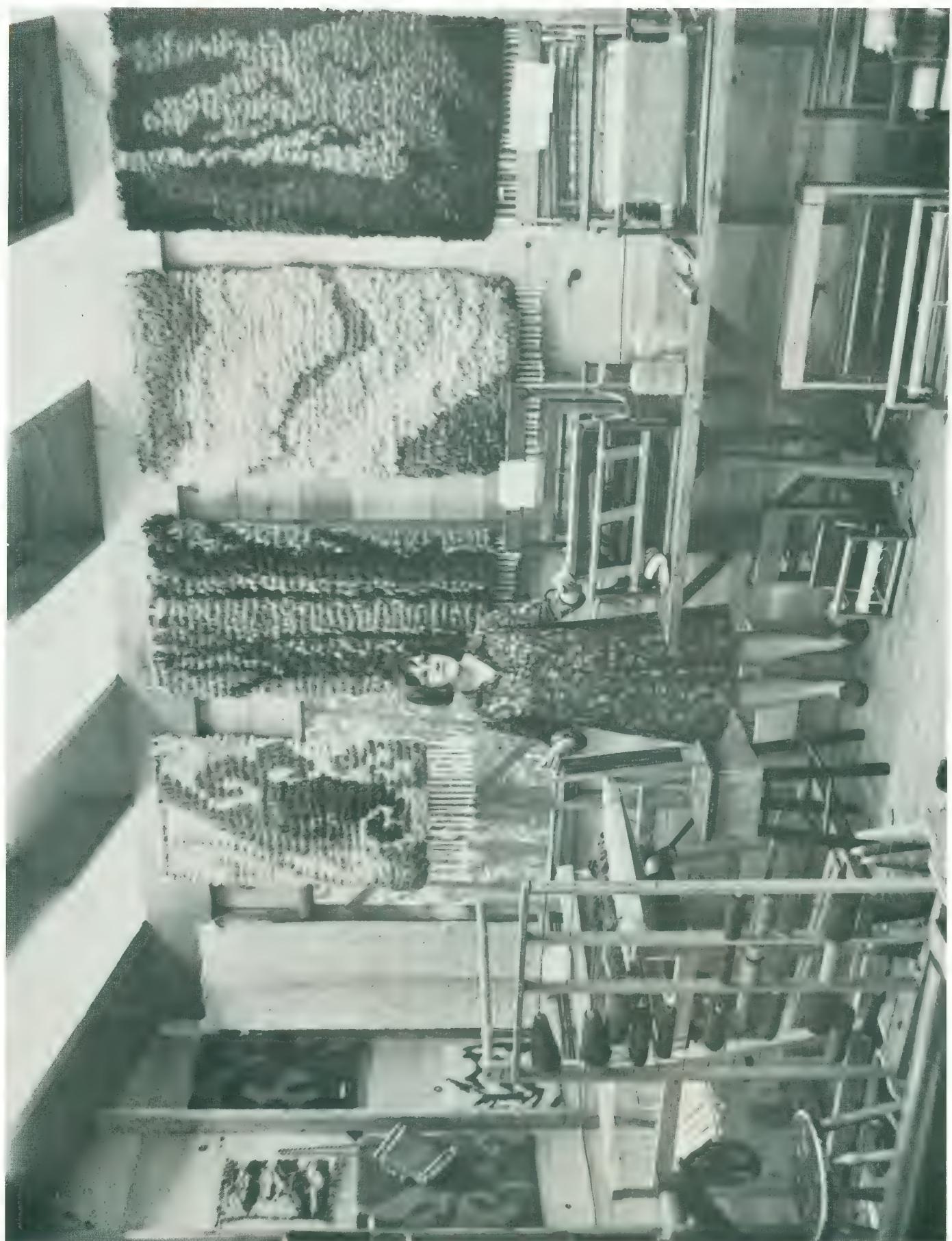
Emily Glicksman





1. Marcie Greenberg: wall hanging made on frame from natural materials
2. Marcie Greenberg: hooked rug--on mesh
3. Jackie Masloff: hooked rug
4. Cora Seiler: pocket book--made on small pattern loom
5. Rima Waskow: hooked rug
6. Hetty Friedman: large piece of material--homespun wool and cotton, done on large pattern loom
7-10. Lisa Wiener, Susan Schoenbaum, Debbie Rothman, Kathy Kafner: flossa rugs--done on large rug loom







World-forgotten Isle

He stood among a crowd at Dromahair;
His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
And he had known at last some tenderness,
Before earth took him to her stony care...

"The Man Who Dreamed of Faeryland" by W.B.Yeats

He lived by himself in the Far North, with ice all around. Tall, with wavy blond hair, he did not look at all like the Eskimos who lived less than two hundred miles away in the closest outpost of civilization. He did not know of their settlement, though, for he had never seen Eskimos at close range and always thought of them as another species of Canadian wild animal. He had never seen anyone at close range, as a matter of fact, and no one had ever noticed him, except for one strange man who one day came nearer than anyone else ever had--within a hundred yards of him.

This man yelled at him for a long time in a strange language that he could not understand. He idly wondered if it was French or English. It could be English, if the stranger was a trader. But he doubted this, as the stranger looked close to twenty-five years of age, very tall and sensitive. The stranger seemed to be warmer than anyone else he had ever seen--indeed, steam often came out of his body, melting the ice around him. But the lonely man could not speak to him, for he was afraid of something he could not understand. Why would this person come to talk with him? After an hour or so of trying to get the man to notice him, the

stranger left. But he did not leave dejectedly; he left with a soft half-smile on his face, as though he knew he would return.

After that, the man lost interest in what he was doing. Catching fish posed no challenge to him any longer, for the fish seemed to jump out at him, smiling the same bitter and joyous half-smile he had first noticed on the stranger. He saw four traders and eight Eskimos that day, but did not call to them, realizing for possibly the first time that they could not understand his speech. Soon he slept, but fitfully.

Upon waking, he washed in his small hole in the ice near his bed of twigs. He lost interest in everything but the stranger and when the stranger would return. He was convinced that he would, and was determined not to let fear keep him from meeting the stranger again.

Just as he had expected, the stranger arrived at exactly the same time as he had on the day before, with even more of the inexplicable steam coming out of his body and warming the ice. This time, instead of shouting at the solitary man, the stranger began very softly to sing a beautiful and melodic tune in a minor key. The man became so engrossed in the stranger's singing that he forgot everything else; but he vaguely noticed that the wind around him had suddenly stilled, so that the soft song sounded much louder (and even, the man decided later, much more beautiful) than it really was.

As the stranger reached the end of the song, the man felt warm and took off one of his coats. He was still warm, though, and soon realized that the stranger had come closer during the song, and that the steam that he was emitting was warming him. Though he was very frightened, the solitary man began to take off each of his heavy fur coats until he had only one coat on over his normal clothes. Each time he took off a coat, the stranger moved a little closer, until they were finally within four feet of each other. The man understood that if he removed the final coat he would be able to communicate with the stranger without the unseen barrier of four





feet and a coat. But he was strangely unable to remove it.

The stranger did not seem to be perturbed by the barrier, though, and simply smiled his sickly almost-smile. He remained silent. The wind returned and the man felt a little colder. Then, suddenly, the stranger jumped forward and kissed the man on the forehead. The man felt waves of joy rush through him. He had never been touched before. Before he had a chance to say anything, the stranger ran away laughing. The bitter cold returned and the lonely man was filled with remorse for not having removed the last coat. He resolved to do so the next time the stranger returned, for there was no doubt that he would.

The man felt no hunger now, although the fish were jumping at him again in the strangest fashion, as if they were sacrificing themselves at the feet of some unknown god. The kiss from the stranger seemed to have fed him as if he had been a guest at a great feast.

Late at night, the man saw a light shining outside and heard someone cursing at his dogs, undoubtedly a trader late for an appointment. It was still bitter cold out, almost as though mankind was being punished for sending the man with the steam away. Suddenly there was a howl of great pain from the trader. The man rushed outside to see what was happening, wondering as he ran why he was doing so. He knew from past experience that he would find it almost impossible to see the man through the mist that always covered his land.

But contrary to what he had expected, at a distance of more than fifty feet he was able to see the trader, who was being eaten by one of his own dogs. He was so excited that he stopped in his tracks and watched the scene with blazing eyes--it had been so long since he had last seen a human face clearly, including his own, because his one mirror was hopelessly cracked and it distorted his face terribly.

As he walked back to his home he became convinced that

the visits of the stranger accounted for the strange things that were happening---first the fish practically asking to be caught, then his loss of hunger, and now his amazing clarity of vision. He lightheartedly walked up to his mirror when he arrived at his house, but was disappointed to see that it was still just as cracked as it had ever been, and he wondered what that meant.

That night he slept very well---deeply and profoundly. He had no important dreams that could explain the meaning of what had happened to him; the only dreams he had were half dreams of forgotten events of his childhood.

He had never understood his childhood---he couldn't remember it clearly. He knew that once he had lived off the ice, and that the place that he had lived on was very warm, warmer than the eyes of the stranger. He seemed to remember that often it had gotten very hot and had burned him deeply. Then one day---he wasn't sure why, it could have been the heat---he had been carried away and deposited on the ice. He had wandered for many weeks looking for the end of the ice, but had never found it and instead decided to make the best of a bad situation and settle down at his present site. During his wanderings he had captured many animals, and it was from their fur that he had made the clothes that he now wore. The food was good during that nomadic part of his existence. However, as soon as he settled down, the strange mist came and made it impossible for him to see anything very clearly or to capture any animals except the fish in his little hole.

The next day the stranger arrived at what the man now considered his appointed time and began by singing the same song that he had sung the day before, again advancing closer and closer until he reached the point that had been reached before. The man again took off each of his coats until once more he got to the last one. The stranger looked quizzically at the solitary man and began to speak to him in the unknown language. The man was now sure that it was not French, but a strange form of English. He felt a great need to talk to the stranger, and tried, though unsuccessfully, to convey this feeling to him. An impenetrable barrier seemed to separate the two men. The stranger, apparently bored by the deadlock, finally turned to leave. The man was frantic. Suddenly understanding leapt into his brain. If he removed the last coat they would surely be able to communicate. He shouted at the stranger who turned around, probably under-

standing the tone of voice that the man was using. The man quietly and slowly took off the last coat so that he was only wearing the shorts that he had worn as a child in the hot region. The stranger cried aloud gleefully. He began to talk to the man excitedly and to bathe him in the warmth that he emitted. But there was still no communication. Then the stranger took out a number of strange steel instruments and began checking the man's heartbeat and blood pressure and brain waves and reflexes and respiratory rate and glands and eyesight and hearing and the man, suddenly understanding, let out one cry of anguish that included all the unhappiness that was in him, hidden under the coats that he wore. And the stranger, frightened, took all his instruments and ran away--the sickly smile never leaving his face.

The man was suddenly hit by a burst of intense cold. The stranger had taken most of his coats to examine and the few that were left were not enough to warm him. He ran inside, panicking, looking for some means of getting warm. Once inside he glanced up at the mirror on his wall. The cracks were gone. He could see himself clearly. He saw what he had to do, and ran outside once more. The mist had lifted. He slowly and ceremoniously began to pile ice and snow all over himself until he was completely buried in the cold. And slowly, little by little, as he died, warmth began to enter his body.

---Steven Vogel

submersion

far away from printed prose
the rhythm lingers on...

the haunting of the writhing sea
begins on wings of night---
as ghosts of melted pebbles
disintegrate to sand.

the muted shadows, sliced by light,
move gusts of moonless moods.

joanne rom



Virtually All

lyrics and music by Charlie Haas

Cross the street that's how it starts. Light your-

self an-oth-er cig-a-rette. I am tired in this city of losing my

sight and I will leave soon.

2. At the sidewalk oversky

Flow the stream and fly the bird away
You could drop your clothing down by your side
And I will leave soon.

3. Clay and marble; cheese and wine

Paper park and I'm in the circus tent
Ships sail from every port to here
And I will leave soon.

BRIDGE: Am

C Am

I could tell you it's all in here.

I could tell you not to go out-side.

4. (Repeat first verse)

TIMEPIECE

I didn't know him.
Our lives were almost parallel
with just the slightest error in their straightness.
They only met once, and for the shortest time.
I was six,
In Holland with my parents.
He was seventy
and came to visit.
The rain was splatting down
on cobblestone Dutch streets.
I could hear the ever-present bicycles
of Dutchmen riding to work.
I couldn't go out and play.
Sick with a cold
and it was raining.
I was bored
(maybe crying)
and my parents were busy.
He soothed me.
The rain was good
for the broad bean farmers, he said.
I laughed and laughed.
I was six and sick and
laughing at the rain.
(He was my father's uncle.
Lived in London.
A wealthy man.
Escaped from Austria in '39
Just in time.
A beautiful person
Who knew people
Understood them)
He died last December
My father was in Europe
On the way to visit him.
It wasn't raining when he died, and
The broad bean farmers
were sad.

Steven Vogel

Alan Winik: by Henrik Ibsen

Alan Winik, mustachioed literary counselor of the Publications Shop, is well-known for standing in front of his shop and speaking the gospel of Henry Gibson. One morning in early August I sat down outside the shop to interview Alan. We talked for awhile, and, after figuring out how to work the tape recorder, got onto the subject of politics. Alan reminded me that he is from Maryland, the same state as Spiro T. Agnew. He recited into the microphone: "The Future of War--I had a daydream last night (which is a strange time to daydream) that Madison Avenue gave a war and nobody came, by Henry Gibson."

We directed the conversation to Buck's Rock. "I'm growing a lot here this summer," said Alan. "This place is conducive to taking the contributions of others into your own head and heart. But I also hope that I'm contributing to the creative atmosphere in the sense that I try to always listen to what people are saying and to interact with them and to try and keep this spirit of doing something creative. I don't blow any whistles at Buck's Rock. I like to think that I'm helping the creative process by editing and giving time and whatever else I can give."

We continued our talk with a discussion of Buck's Rock as a community. Al believes that each person here not only develops himself, but also contributes something to the camp. "For one thing, I'm contributing a Southern accent, which, you know, kind of strikes me funny. when someone walks up to me and says, 'Hey! You talk funny, I mean you talk real funny.' And I guess in some ways I do talk funny, but to me, they talk funny. I think that in a way the two subcultures, my southern one and the northern one, come into play. This is a contribution which is from me and to me." Alan thought for a while. "Buck's Rock is like love, in the sense that it only works if everybody gives and everybody takes. You can't give out creativity like you give out knives and

forks on a lunch line. For people to reach each other, there has to be an understanding like an I-thou relationship or a teacher-student relationship, but even more important than this, a people-to-people relationship."

While I knew that Alan thinks positively of Buck's Rock, I wondered if there was anything here that disturbed him at all. "You know," he remarked, "I walk around Buck's Rock and look at the kids. Most of the time I love them for what they are---people who really try to learn things sincerely and have a lot to contribute to each other. But there are some things which really bother me. I grew up in Baltimore, you know, in a little urban brick house. I never had to be taught to be a liberal. Even though what I say now often gets caught up in the rhetoric of liberalism, the New Left, and the peace movement, these are things which were never really taught to me for the simple reason that I lived them. My neighborhood was Rocky Fudge, so I never really had to learn to 'tolerate' Negroes; they were just there, like in the stickball games in the streets. Let's face it, I grew up a Bill Cosby record. At Buck's Rock, I think sometimes the kids get patterned into non-conformity. You can see this by the way we all dress (I'm as guilty of this as anyone else). The workshirt, dungaree, long-hair image. I think we would mistrust anyone with a crew-cut."

Alan believes in youth and considers himself "very much a part of the generation of young people here. I believe in our generation," he says. "Like somebody called me an adult at a staff meeting and I got really upset 'cause I don't want to be one for a really long time. Adults have a lot of hang-ups. We're gonna do things better. If the world was destroyed Buck's Rock would be a helluva good place to rebuild it from. My point is simply (and I'm rambling and rapping and that's bad) that living at Buck's Rock is in itself a creative experience. Existence precedes essence, and you can just walk around here and feel something. You feel that you're part of it, and you feel that just you living is a nice thing, a clean thing. And this, as far as I'm concerned, is what Buck's Rock is all about."

Julie Arnow



Scene opens: Three cubes, Jerry, Kenny, and Judy, have been taken out of the frigidaire and are discussing their fate.

Judy--This is it you guys.

Jerry--Yep. They make us from water and melt us to water.

Kenny--Well if I have to melt I'd like to melt in something good--like lemonade or iced tea or black raspberry soda.

Jerry--Stupid! How stupid can anyone get? Instead of contemplating a way to avoid melting, he's sitting here discussing what he'd like to be melted in.

Judy--Well, I can't blame him. You know ice cubes are born to die. That's just the way...

Kenny--Yeah, that's the way it is...It's better to think of something good to...

Jerry--Shut up! Both of you. The more we argue the less time we have to find a solution. Look, we're melting fast already, especially you, Judy.

Judy--Guess it's time to say good...

Kenny--She's gone. Just like that. Poof! A trickle of water.

Jerry--Maybe if we combine with each other we can live a little longer.

Kenny--O.K. I'll slide toward you.

Jerry--And I'll slide toward you and we'll meet half way.

Kenny--This isn't working. I'm melting faster...I'm almost gone...

Jerry--Me too, Kenny. Kenny are you there? Are you gone too? Kenny...answer me, answer...me...ans...

ICE 3

Yvette Vanterpool

2 of the smallest children

There's
the gong
(said girl)
air twitched
like chocolate pudding
spun
like a coconut
no that's the world.
it wakes us
up in the morning
(said boy)
talk
made whirlpools in the chocolate
pudding
let's run
(said someone)
running dances, world
driblets, energy, absolutely.

Suzanne Chutroo



the thrust of a carefully placed dagger
the gasp--inaudible to prying ears
then tears, invisible upon dry cheeks
protected from the downpour by silicon walls.
the wounded cry is masked
by a cracked glass smile.
the shattered ego: buried
under crystalline thicknesses
which smother the implosion.

Jessica Litman

- The Musician Speaks

"What's a musician like me doing listening to music like this?"

Josh Rifkin, talking to campers
August 2, 1968

The serious musician of 1968 is a strange phenomenon. His background, training, and instincts have prepared him to follow serious music; he is the logical audience for the music of John Cage and Milton Babbitt. Yet he is a fan of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and, as such, is attracted to what would appear to be the antithesis of the serious music he has studied--pop. What is the serious musician doing listening to music like this?

When composer-arranger Josh Rifkin spoke here, he attempted to answer this question. While his feelings were labelled a personal statement, they can be called representative of a large portion of the younger serious musicians on the American scene and the world scene for that matter.

Josh began his talk with an explanation of the backgrounds against which today's popular and serious music were born. He said that serious music and pop were based on a common language up until the turn of the century. By that time both had utilized tonality (i.e., melody, harmony, and other relationships within a given key) for several hundred years and had exhausted every technique, though not every possibility to be acquired from the system. In short, some felt there was no more to be discovered or explored; they felt the composer would have to re-use old modes. "Music was at a crossroads," Josh explained, "It could re-explore the old modes or set out on a new tack."

Music took the new tack. It was Arnold Shonberg who led the way with a series of compositions which utilized a language that was unheard of, atonality. Here was an unexplored world

of non-melodic, newly-dissonant music to be used. But while the serious musician could cater to his fellow musicians who understood and translated this atonality, the masses wanted to be able to hum and identify physically with the music to which they listened. Therefore, popular writers had to continue with the melodic phrase, and a deep division between the two forms developed.

Beginning about 1900, certain serious composers became increasingly free of traditional bonds. A few began a break from atonality which soon resulted in an almost total loss of structural coherence in their works. Even the trained ear is unable to identify with the music of such composers; they have lost their audience because their work, as a result, appears nonsensical.

Quite recently, while this strain of serious music grew incomprehensible, the people who were the audience for pop grew tired of the repetitive techniques and methods that were the hallmarks of popular music up to that time. Rhythms changed and the type of sound---such as brass or guitar---was varied, but they were both the products of the same worn styles.

In 1963, pop music was touched for the first time by revolution. In England, the Beatles came onto the scene. Their early efforts were typical of the modified rock that was the dominant musical form of the early sixties. They were written off as a fad which would go out of style soon. But the Beatles didn't leave the scene; rather, they grew on it until by 1965 they were the top group by all standards (audience appeal, record sales, and measurable capabilities).

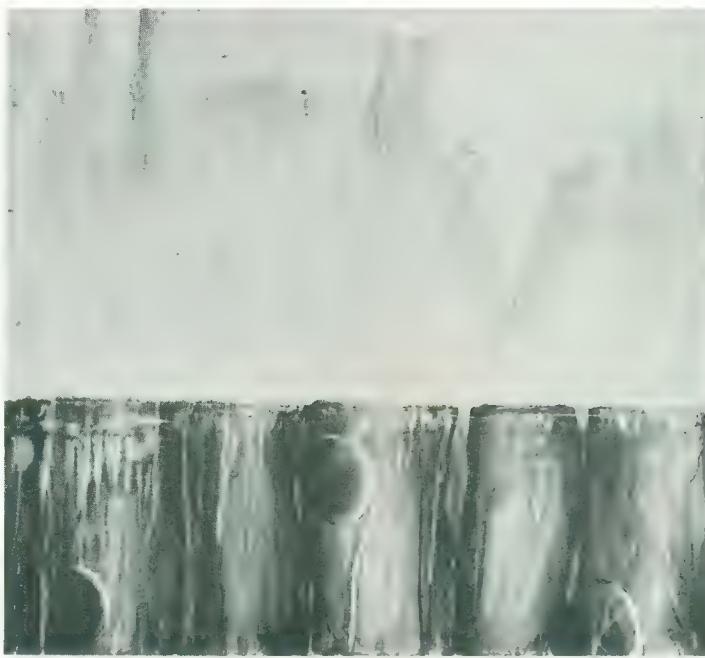
But the Beatles knew that people were tiring of the music they played. And they themselves felt confined in the old forms. To keep their audience and convey their message, John Lennon and Paul McCartney needed something new in their music. Being superior musicians, they turned to the sophisticated patterns of serious music. They introduced new instruments. They dropped tonality when it fit their needs. They revolutionized the concept of pop.

The serious musician, Josh Rifkin explained,

while unable to understand the music that was being written by the non-structural composers, could see the structuring within the music of the Beatles. There was the tight musical form they utilized, a form based on the recurrent usage of a set pattern, which had until then been the exclusive property of the serious composer. Josh demonstrated these patterns in "Strawberry Fields, Forever" and "Hello Goodbye." Since he wants people to be able to identify with his music, Josh Rifkin--and other composers--looks not to the incomprehensible serious composers, but rather to popular musicians like the Beatles.

Josh points out that while he likes the music of the Beatles, he does not feel it is desirable to follow their style. Basic differences in goals exist: their primary objective is entertainment; he wants to create a work of art. Only the fact that there is a coherent and definite structure within the Beatles' music appears to have affected him directly. His own music shows such a structure, although it is much more complex. Perhaps with an increase in coherent design, atonality can regain its apparent sense and, with it, its alienated audience.

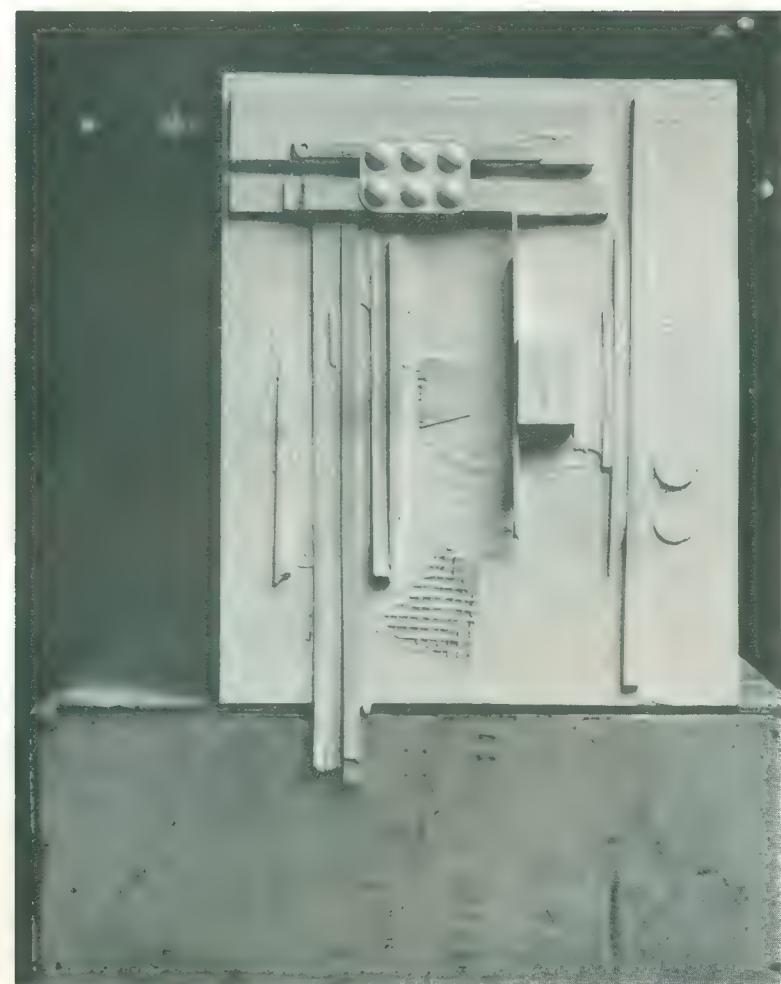
Matthew Moloshok



Josh Tankel



Robert Fischer



Ricky Maslow

POEM 540

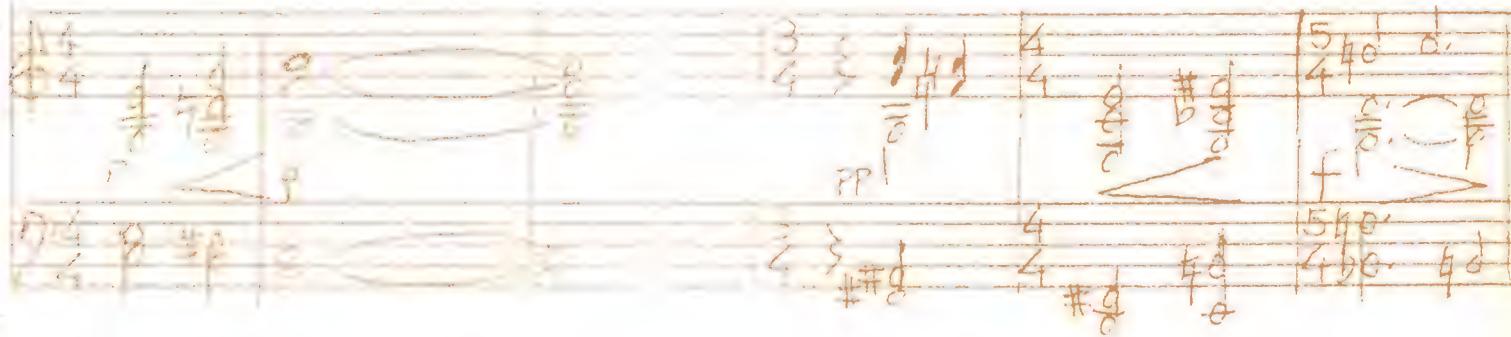
by Alan Seidler

Andante Maestoso

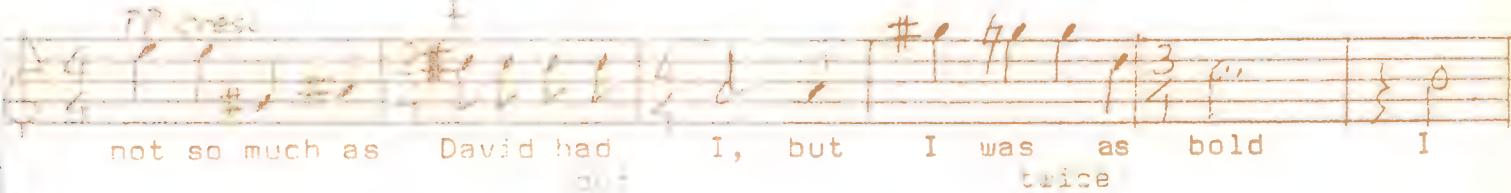
(Dickinson)



I took my power in my hand and went a-against 'twas the world



p p cresc.



not so much as David had I, but I was as bold twice

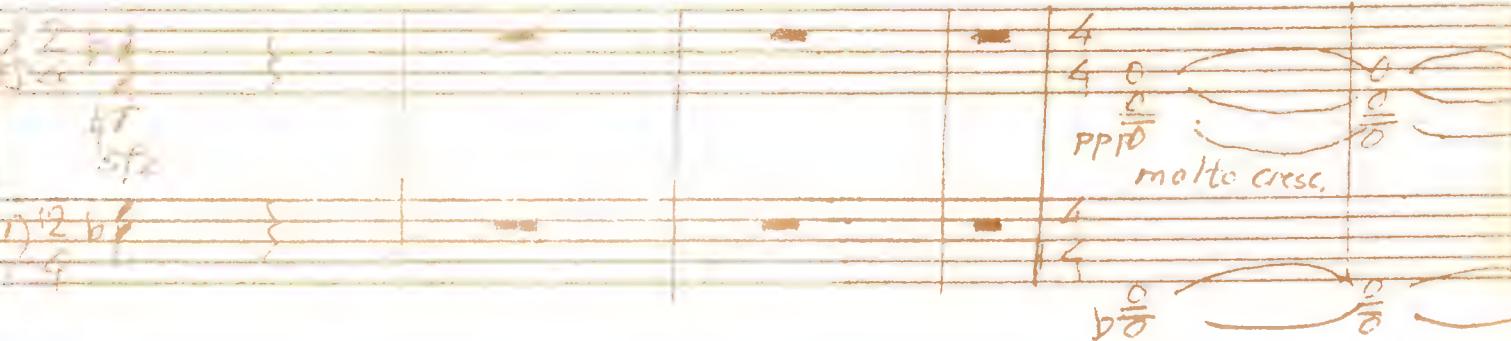


Faster - Allegro (Cresc.)

Tempo I



aimed pen-ble but my self all the that fell Was it Go-li-ath was too
my was one



PP (p) molto cresc.

ff

PP rit.

large

or was my self

too small?

8
bd 3 bd
rit. ppp
ffz

My Story

by Aimée Cousseau
alias Tortoni
Antonio's
Amy Black

The drifting snow wedged along the white sky, as the black dog limped. The dog's blue tail made him queer. He sang because he was happy, as an image of his puppyhood appeared.

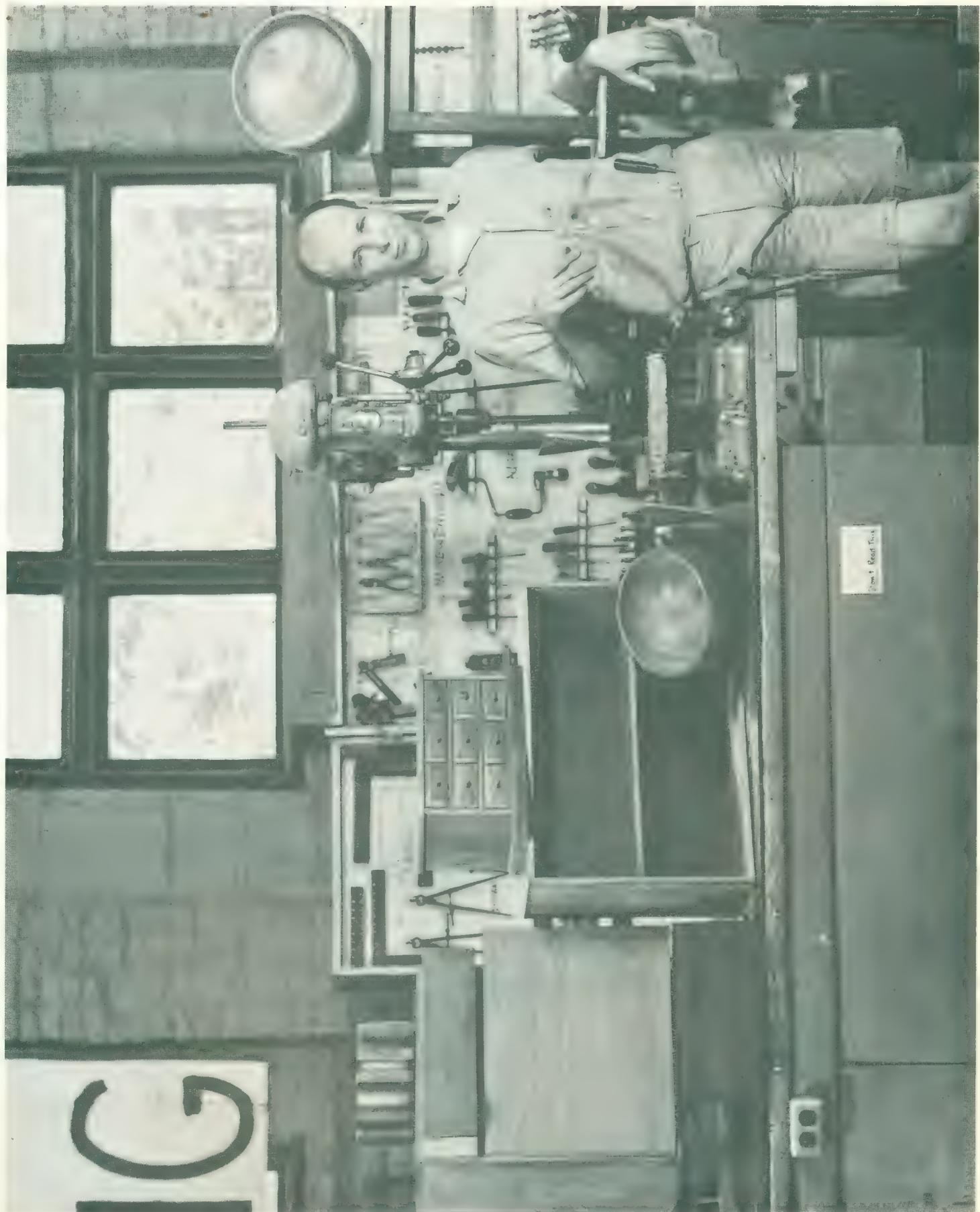
Dog sang & limped and crept for days and days. As the snow fell higher & higher, the dog got buried underneath, but he still sung & danced & wept as all middle-sized dogs will experience. Then he stopped and his frozen blue tail turned white. White left the snow & all earth, and time as well.

His dog was gone, and all except his legend remained. And that's the way things are, bubbly!

1. Rob Fisher--walnut and maple laminated salad bowl
2. Paul Fisher--solid and veneered walnut cabinet
3. Peter Gainsain--walnut jewelry box with routed top
4. Peter Goldstein--cherry jewelry box

5. Ben Gronlund--maple storage cabinet
6. Jim Folger--maple, turned salad bowl
7. John Landry--maple turned salad bowl
8. Hilts Grever--walnut end table
9. Jiminata--walnut ladder
10. Dave Johnson--walnut table





Turpentine

The tar along the beach stuck to my toes and wedged its way under my toe nails. Finally, I sat down on a log, and took a shiny red pen knife out of the back pocket of my cut-off blue jeans. When the tar wouldn't come off, I remembered that I had brought along my turpentine (I always bring along turpentine), so I took the container out of the other back pocket and began to turpentine my feet. When the tar was off, I set out walking again. The sand was hot and glaring. As I walked, my purple-and-white striped shirt kept scratching my sunburned shoulders more and more.

I saw a little child playing alone next to the ocean. The tide was slowly beginning to rise. I almost stepped on a dead seagull which lay in a tire track with one wing outstretched. Its black and white mossy feathers jumbled together. The wing seemed to be flapping quietly in the wind. The seagull might have been alive, but I never bothered to check. Seagulls with one wing seeming to flap are most likely dead, anyway.

The ocean lapped against my feet as I walked on the edge of the water. I met Emily and Lisa, wet from swimming, walking along the beach. Emily, with light shoulder-length hair, was wearing a flowered print bikini and carried a matching flowered parasol. Lisa was fat, had dark long frizzy hair and wore a loosely fitting green shift.

Suddenly, a photographer approached and began shooting pictures of us. He mumbled something about the pictures' being in next week's issue of some magazine and dashed off. I ran after him, but he disappeared quickly up the beach.

Another five minutes of walking and Emily and I stopped and threw Lisa--all we could lift of her--into the water. As we were laughing at stupid, fat, ugly Lisa, I noticed a lame,

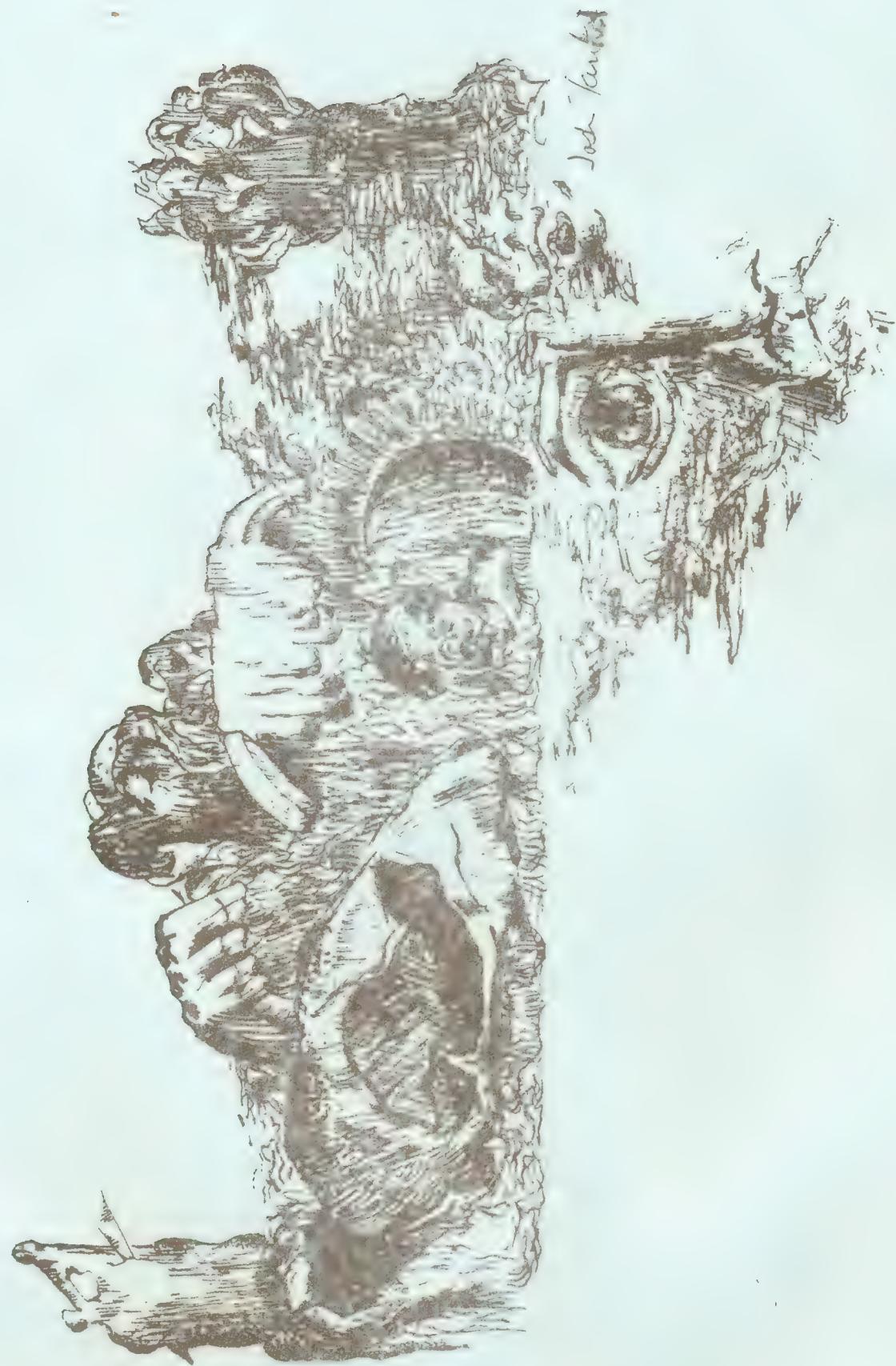
spotted cocker spaniel limping along near the edge of the water. Emily stood there, chuckling at Lisa. Because she was used to that sort of treatment, she picked herself up out of the water and joined us. We continued.

The day grew hotter and I noticed that my feet were again covered with tar. I sat on the sand, turpentineed my feet, and soon fell asleep. Lisa and Emily decided not to wake me, but walked on.

It was late afternoon when I woke up. My legs and arms were badly sunburned. Lisa and Emily were walking toward me, and Lisa was holding up her dress, which was filled with brightly colored stones. I got up and started walking home with them. Lisa stopped every once in a while to pick up more stones. As I watched her, I noticed the dog again. He was limping more than ever, and when he approached me I kicked him and he fell to the ground. He lay there sort of lifeless, all sand-encrusted and bleeding. I left him.

We met again after dinner. Around 12:30 I found some sparklers and we went back to the beach. I dug a hole so we could light the sparklers without the wind extinguishing them. Emily and I took two each and gave Lisa one. While we danced wildly around the beach with the sparklers, Lisa saw the dog--he looked almost dead. She took off her baggy green shift, knelt down and wrapped it tenderly around the dog. She carried it home but it was dead in the morning.

Josh Daniel



At home, when I get fed up with people, I lose myself in records, books, and painting, but here I find the animal farm a perfect place in which to find peace.

The farm is isolated from the rest of the camp and, in addition to being separate, is unique. I feel rewarded after feeding to the goats the sweet leaves that are beyond their reach. Unlike many people, these animals show their appreciation for one's thoughtfulness.

Our main job at the farm is feeding and watering the animals. I find these tasks a lot of fun because the animals get to know you and nuzzle up against you when you approach them. Half my time on the farm is spent talking with the staff and feeding the goats those leaves they love. I won't forget to mention the harder sort of work, such as shoveling manure (optional), or the more popular job of mending the constantly-breaking fences.

The animals are simple: give them food and attention and they are perfectly content, without the hang-ups of people. The farm is one of the most exciting, alive places in camp, yet it is peaceful as well. When I feel as if I don't have a friend in the world, the only place where I will feel at ease will be the animal farm.

Debby Cohen

The Animal Farm

The Growth of a Piece of Sculpture

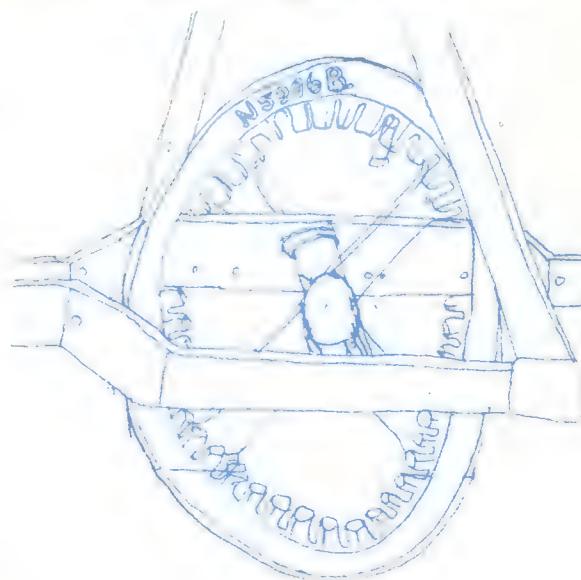
On the first day I entered the sculpture shop, I was unacquainted with sculpting and had no ideas for a sculpture. After a few days, I was taught how to weld by Jo Jochnowitz and Duna Boronni. I was very enthusiastic about welding and practiced it almost every day.

I had soon learned about brazing, spot welding, blow-backs, pops, and flame adjustment. I quickly acquired the skills necessary to make a sculpture in metal, but I was still without any acceptable ideas. For the first week or so, I flitted around the shop. Then, about a week after I learned how to weld, I was looking in the scrap pile for two pieces of steel to practice welding with when I became distracted by an odd metal structure nearby. A C.I.T. was swinging it back and forth, causing a wheel in it to roll on an inclined plane. This inclined plane was created by placing the whole structure at an angle.

The odd-shaped, cast-iron "Wheelo" was about all the inspiration that I needed. I tried to think of an idea best suited to the purpose of constructing a kinetic sculpture with such a piece incorporated in it. Then it hit me---I figured that if I put the piece on the end of a pendulum's swing, the wheel would roll and keep rolling because of its inertia. Then, when the opposite zenith of the pendulum's swing was reached, the wheel would roll in the opposite direction and so on until the pendulum stopped. At that point I remembered reading how a real pendulum works, with an escape wheel, an anchor, a pendulum bob, and a weight. I was excited about this idea and was seriously considering making a huge metal sculpture of a working pendulum with the "Wheelo" as the pendulum bob.

I think that two of the hardest problems encountered by sculptors are thinking of ideas that are not copied from other sculptors' pieces, and then making those ideas turn out in desirable ways. For me, the greatest obstacle to overcome was thinking of a suitable idea; in the actual construction of my sculpture the problems were of a less serious nature. They were, for instance, brazing on the spokes, finding the center of the escape wheel, shaping the anchor, and welding on the poles for the spool on the escape wheel.

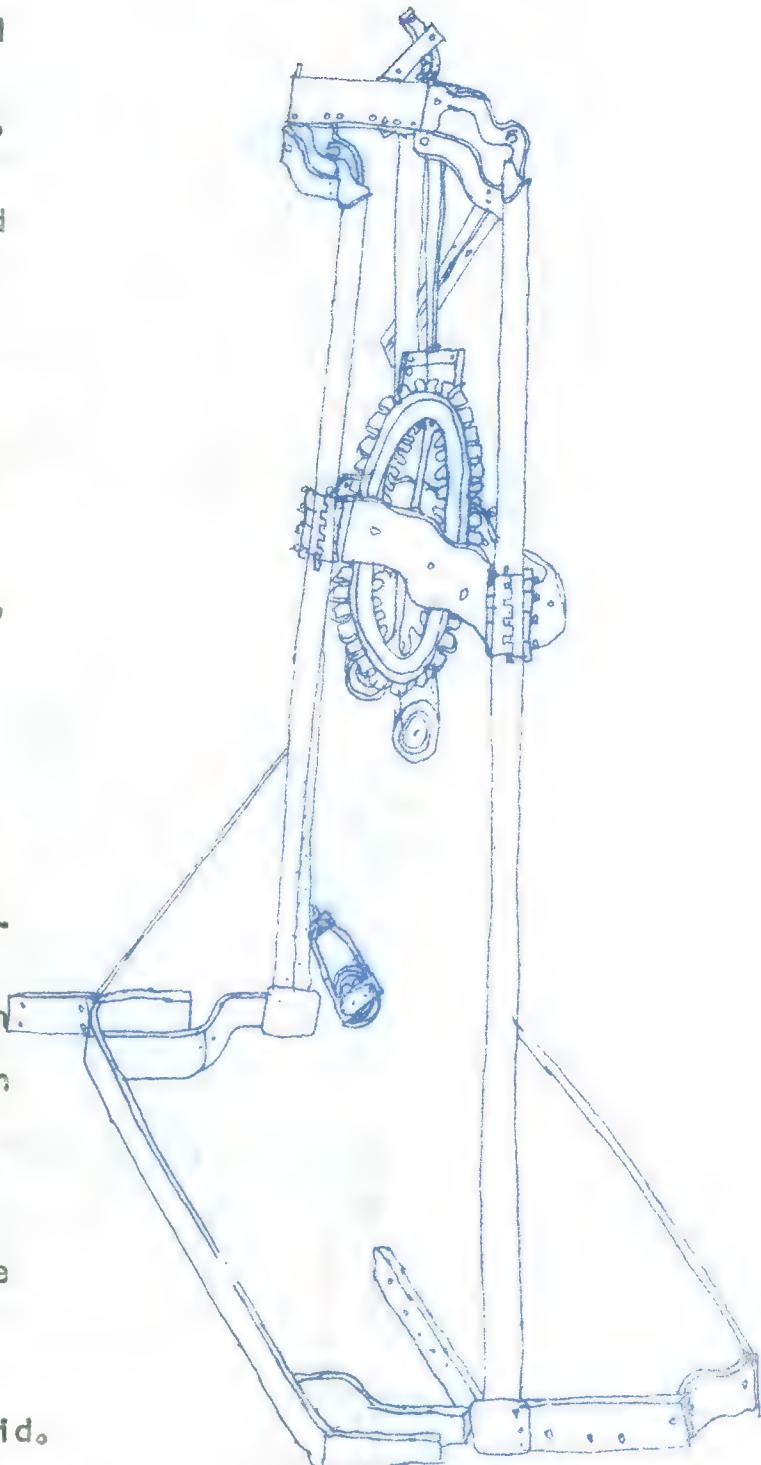
I've mentioned some of the structural problems I've encountered and how I came about



my idea. Now I will explain, in detail, how I built the sculpture.

The first part I needed, and definitely the hardest to get, was the escape wheel, which had to be made of metal, less than 23 pounds in weight, and at least a foot in diameter. How I could have been as fortunate as to find a wheel that fit the description perfectly, right under the welding table, is beyond me. Even though it belonged to somebody, a little begging earned me the wheel that day. The next thing I did was to cut a bar of metal in half and braze the two pieces on as spokes. The reason I had so much trouble with this was that when I heated the bar and the wheel they both expanded but, since the spokes were thinner they cooled and contracted much sooner. Something had to give, and something did: the brazes broke; I had a hell of a time getting those brazes to hold. After the spokes were finally on I had to add an axle, for which I cut two pieces of pipe. I had to weld these on, but in the relative center of the wheel so it wouldn't spin like the cam in a jig saw. I found the center with a tape measure and marked it off with a piece of plaster, and then welded the pipes onto the spokes for use as an axle. The next part I got were the bearings for the wheel. These I got by cutting two pieces off the end of a pipe whose diameter was a little larger than my axle's.

I asked Jo if I could use a bed frame for a stand and he said, "Sure, go ahead---" so I did. I went down behind the sculpture shop to the junk heap and dragged

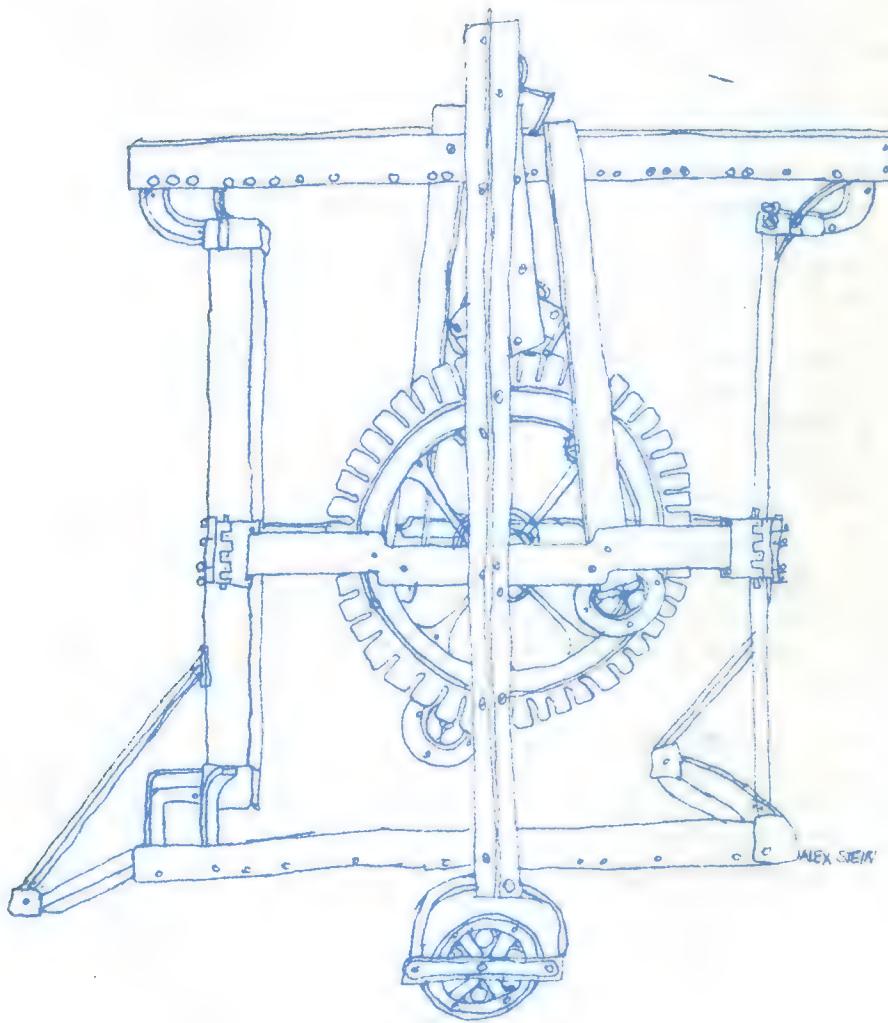


out a metal bed frame---springs and all. No sooner had I cut the springs out of the bed frame than they were grabbed up and used for another sculpture. The frame wouldn't stand alone, so I built legs for it. Then I mounted bearings to two similarly shaped pieces of metal, and was ready to form the spool for the escape wheel. I attached the bearings and their mounts to the stand, and greased the bearings so that the wheel was capable of rotating smoothly.

In the shop's scrap pile, I found two bars. One I straightened and cleaned for use as the pendulum; the other I bent for use as the anchor. All that remains to be done as of the present writing is to mount the bearings to the pendulum axle and weld on the anchor.

Now my sculpture is almost complete and I don't expect too many more "technical difficulties," but once this sculpture is completed---where will I go to get a new inspiration? What will I see that will give me a new idea?

Josh Brain



converging objects

I know I am solid and sound,
To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow,
All are written to me, and I must get what the writing means.

Metal lines crossing
grassy country firm
steel covering earth
pebbled dirt. Train
tracks in every di-
rection their per-
spective lost bur-
nished gray and copper
a parallel of racing
traces. Overlap
overlap. A line one
day will meet it-
self.

the poet's blood
exquisitely dripping
from tarnished images
obscures and quickens the pace of the poem
as it rushes towards Truth.

Steven Vogel



poets warm enwombed
scraping to extricate:
labored escape
painless
 stillbirth
practiced poetry
gasped fresh-breathless
from cut and polished icicle lips

Steve Kasher

1. Tie-dye by Roberta Sales

4. Macramé by Marcy Greenberg

2. Tie-dye by
Buffy Shabero

3. Water-
color





Gothic turreted prisms
bend and fracture images of gray
from the colorless of having been to was.

Like the complete arc-circle--
rainbow, grape,
ball, person--
light bends and distorts
as a grave
the wet dark dripping stone and we,
dislodged from our orbits, collide

Betsy Schulz



?

MR. ALEX STEWART



The Eleventh Plague

A moth alighted on my paper and sat perfectly still. I fanned the air above it, hoping it would be carried away by the breezes. But it remained in its original position. I cupped my hand, completely enclosing the insect within, hoping the sudden darkness would frighten it into flight. It didn't make a single attempt to escape from the dark cavern of its captivity. I then shouted "Boo!" at the top of my voice, but the moth was totally oblivious to this disturbance and remained on the paper in the same position.

I looked closely at this moth, this creature of wonder, this independent, self-reliant entity. I marvelled at the fearlessness with which it had approached me. I bent down to get a closer look at its exquisite parchment wings. I considered the obvious simplicity of its existence. I came to the conclusion that such a marvelous insect must be without all malice. If only we humans could be such civilized beings, I thought.

Just then, it began to walk around on tiny, yellow legs, delicate and poised. Slowly it rose into the air and flew, without hesitation, directly into my face. And my faith in human nature took on a new strength. At least we don't go around making a pretense of perfection.

Suzanne Kirschner

My Film Diary

July 11, 1968

I have an idea for a film; a scene of Jeff Eger playing soccer with John Frearson. I had seen them play before and wished I had a movie camera.

July 16

I spoke to Jeff Eger, the film advisor, and told him my idea for a film.

"Have you thought about the rest of the film, what else will be in it?"

"I don't know, I really haven't thought about it."

"Well, think about the rest of the film and come to me with your ideas."

"Okay."

"How long do you want the film to be?"

"Maybe fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes is too long. That's an awful lot of film."

"All right, five minutes."

"Okay, who is to be in your film?"

"You are!"

"Oh, really, well it will be a hard film to make but if you want me to be in it, I will."

"Thank you."

(Two hours later)

"Hey, Jeff!"

"Yes."

"Can I speak to you about my film? I have all the scenes and actions down on this paper."

Jeff thought the film was good. It was called "Portrait" and it was about a young man, and his different personalities.

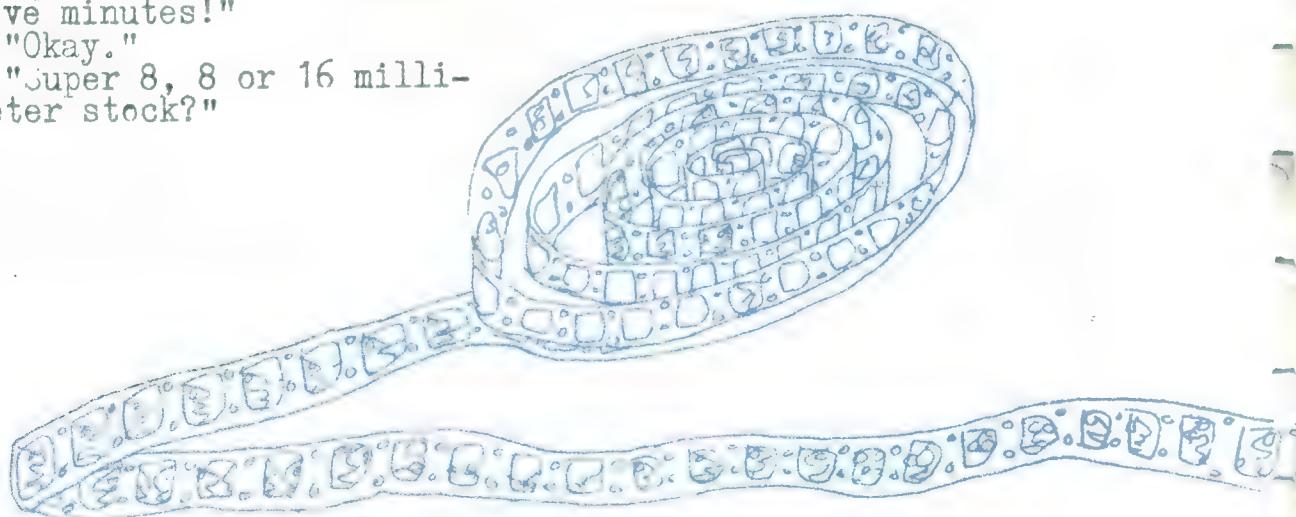
"All right, this is fine. Now, how long did you say you wanted it?"

"About five minutes."

"Not about five minutes, five minutes!"

"Okay."

"Super 8, 8 or 16 millimeter stock?"



"Super 8."
"Black and white or color?"
"Black and white."
"Will there be any sound in the film?"
"Yes, music, but no actual speaking."
"We can use my tape recorder for the music."
"Good. About how much will this cost me, for the whole film?"
"Oh, about \$14."
"Am I going to be the cameraman or is somebody else?"
"I'll teach you how to use a Super 8 movie camera, and I want to give you some books to read about shooting angles."
"Okay. Thanks."

July 17

"I've finished reading the chapters."
"Do you think you learned anything about angles?"
"Yes."
"Good, now I want you to go over your script or scenario and make sure you have all the actions and all the angles you want for every shot. You understand?"
"Yes."

July 18

Jeff liked my scenario.
"What you have to do now is make a storyboard of your film. A storyboard is a group of shots that have been sketched to help the cameraman in shooting. Beside each sketch, write the shots and the action you want."
"Oh, I see."

July 20

I finished my storyboard and the script. It was eight pages long, and altogether there were about fifty drawings.

"Jeff, when can we have rehearsals?"
"In a few days. But what about the music? You've got to decide what music you want."

July 24

"I've got the music I want; can we start rehearsals?"
"Yes, very soon."

July 26

Jeff and I talked about the shots and scenes. We marked down the angles for every shot.

July 28

All the scenes have been run through. I know what I am going to shoot. I haven't had any instruction in using a camera yet, but I will be shown when the camera arrives.

July 30 to August 4

Jeff bought a camera yesterday, and he says he will show me how to use it and that he will get the film in a few days.

"Now, get your cast of actors and make sure you have all the props you need. And listen. I couldn't get black and white so we'll have to use color, which is less expensive, because so many people make color home movies."

"Good."

In the afternoon Jeff taught the group of filmatics, including Randy Ostrow and Rima Waskow, my two assistant directors, how to use the Bolex Super 8 camera. Jeff says I can begin shooting in a few days.

August 6

This morning Jeff and I went over all the scenes with the camera. We had trouble finding a light enough room for scene one, which is taken inside, but we finally found one in the Girls House. We went over scene four with Jo Jochnowitz as the doctor. In the late morning, Jeff, Randy, and I went into New Milford to go through scene three, taken in front of the railroad station.

August 7

Today we began shooting. About 1:20 in the afternoon, Jeff, the camera, and I walked over to the Girls House. Rima helped ready the set. Jeff sat on the bed and looked into the camera. I checked the lighting and adjusted the lens.

"This is it, scene one."

I filmed for 30 seconds. That was it: 30 seconds! But that's the way it is with film-making. It's a quick and sudden art.

We next moved outside to shoot scene two. Mike Goldfarb and Priscilla Stevens starred along with Jeffrey.

So ended my first day as film writer, director, and photographer.

August 8

We shot a little of Jeff playing soccer with John. I had trouble with this scene because I had not planned out my script thoroughly.

August 9

I sent away my first roll of film to be processed; it should be back within a week.

August 10

This afternoon we shot scene four, with Jo Jochnowitz as the doctor. I have only one more scene to shoot.

August 11

Today we shot the last scene of my film. Now the last two rolls will be sent away to be processed. A large part of film-making is in editing after the film has been processed. The use of music in my film will have to be worked in with the visuals. When all of these things have been accomplished you have yourself a film. The result of this story remains to be seen at Festival where my film will be shown.

Amy Black





Film Review: The Survivors

We came to the Rec Hall at 7:00 P.M. on August 15. The group, about ten kids and eight staff members, saw two films about Vietnam.

The Tragedy of the Children of Vietnam, shown first, was an introduction to Vietnam and to The Survivors, a film about the war-torn children of South Vietnam. It showed Vietnam--the country, the ports, the open markets, and the people. It showed scenes of wounded children and it seemed to say that there is no real hope for the Vietnamese children if they remain in their present condition. I thought the film was effective, but after I saw The Survivors the effect wore off.

In the first several minutes of The Survivors there were shots of mutilated children. Then, for the remainder of the film, Dr. Sidney Mayer, the film's director and narrator, told about Vietnam, about the war, and about the children. At the end of the film there are scenes of wounded Vietnamese (mostly children) in a hospital. Dr. Mayer talked about their condition. Some had arms and legs amputated; a quarter of a woman's face and eye was ripped away from her head; one boy's entire body was scorched and melted by Napalm. Some were dying; others were dead. In the last few moments of the film Dr. Mayer indicates that there is hope for the children of Vietnam if Americans are willing to spend money to bring the children to the United States for highly specialized surgery.

The film was made for the purpose of collecting money for the Vietnamese children. But I think to the people of Buck's Rock or to anyone else who sees it, it's more than an appeal for money. It shows the horrors that war creates and how men destroy each other. Many of the people in the audience did not know that these things occur in Vietnam. Of course, American newspapers give the daily death tally for both sides. But they never show with detailed, color pictures the half-dead, sizzled children that we, the American mass murderers, help produce each day.

The film was over. The lights were turned on and Jeff stepped up to the front. He asked for comments, but no one could speak. We were all too stunned. Then, gradually, we loosened up. I think all of us who saw the film thought many more kids should have seen it. After our

comments, Ernst spoke about how effective the film had been, about the truths and falsehoods it presented, and about the impact it might have on different people. He didn't think that everyone should see the film because he thought not everyone could accept the grizzly visions on the screen. People are complicated mechanisms. Each reacts differently to the same situation. He thought there were many similar "horrors" not shown to the American public. "For instance," he said, "have you ever seen a cigarette smoker with lung cancer cough his lungs out in small bloody pieces? Or have you ever witnessed a car accident where the victim's body is thrown across a road, and his legs torn asunder?"

These things are happening in the United States each day. The killing in Vietnam is just another tragedy taken for granted.

But just as the people who smoke will not stop smoking, most Americans will not do anything about the killing. I think a film should be made to show their ignorance and called The Tragedy of the People of the United States.

Amy Black



the moth
when flying at night
always keeps the moon
in the corner of his eye
so that he flies
straight.

—steven vogel



RICKY MASLOW

A lonely rock
On a lonely road
Far from the eyes
Of a rock collector

jes



Matthew's Passion

"And his head was brought in a
charger, and given to the damsel:
and She brought 'it' to her mother."
St. Matthew; 14:11

The end of the world rains.
A cold wet lust, straining
against the screens.
The wind and rain, making promises
to rusty metal and creaking door.
The mad upward toss of thatch
that serves for leaves. Salome's
broken dance with the wind--
fresh blood, fresh blood.
Our sins laminated by those final rains.

Susan Mernit

Let us go and make our visit

Saturday lunchtime you turn around and they're there. "Wow," you say, "it's good to see you," and you really mean it.

"We're just dying to see the camp," they say, and you're glad to show it off to someone who you know is interested. They brought lunch and you eat out on the lawn. Then you walk toward the parking lot to pick up food from the car. You look at them. "They really care," you think, with a hidden happiness inside you. "Funny though, they really don't look right here. They just don't fit."

"Your sister isn't enjoying herself this summer," your mother tells you, and you feel bad because you can imagine how your sister feels.

Your father asks, "What's 'gorillas is good' supposed to mean?"

"Forget it, dad," you say, "it's a camp joke. You wouldn't understand."

Back in your bunk, your mother says, "What lovely pillows you've made," seeing them on your bed. Before she sits down, though, she asks, "Where did you learn to make a bed?"

"From you, mom," you remind her, kind of mad.

You go outside, walking toward the shops.

"The Bastille is coming!" your mother reads. "Oh, how cute," she says.

"Yeah, sure, mom," you say, wishing she wouldn't condescend so much. Kind of bored, kind of angry, you ask the time, hoping they'll get the hint and leave. "We've got a while," they say. "It's only three o'clock." In a way, you're glad

they're staying.

In the evening you sit with them at the play and you miss being with your friends. After it's over you say, "Just a second" and run on to the stage. "Myra, you were great!" you say. You hug all your friends who were in the play. You walk back to the social hall porch with your parents.

"Where were you?" they ask.

"I just wanted to congratulate everyone," you say. "Anything wrong with that?"

At the tennis courts your mother says, "It was a lovely day." You know she means it, in her own funny way. You kiss them good-bye, thinking, "I'm glad they came...but it's good that they're leaving." These words linger in your mind as your parents drive away.

Beth Goldfinger



In and/or Out

Everybody gets something different from Buck's Rock. The thing I find striking is the difference between the society here and the one at home.

At home there are little cliques of kids that generally fall into two categories. The "in" group is full of kids willing to conform and become plastic stereotypes. These are the clothes conscious, boy/girl crazy, "sophisticated" miniature adults. Then there is the "out" group. Here we find individuals, people who think on their own and don't need the security that conforming offers.

To be in the "out" group all you have to do is things that are frowned upon by the "in" group; for example, wear white socks, like classical music, enjoy reading, or have short hair. If you're in the "out" group, forget it. No article on how to be popular is going to help you.

At Buck's Rock things are completely different. The camp is a mixture of different people with different interests. Here, you are accepted for what you are, not for what you should be. No one tells you what to wear because everyone has a style of his own---army shirts, blue velvet capes, and suede cranberry hats with veils and big bows in front.

Buck's Rock is a cluster of individuals, each contributing something unique to the camp's society without worrying about who is watching and whether they're "in" or "out."

Deb Herzog





White OR White

I couldn't sleep. Pushing aside the quilt, I crept downstairs, knowing exactly where to go despite the total darkness. I carefully slipped behind the long picture window curtain so as not to make any sound pulling it back. Touching the corner of the storm window, I could just barely feel the nipping winter cold seeping around the edge. I knelt down. The curtain tickled my heel and I became absorbed in a play of nature that few people ever witness.

Snow-flurried ghosts sprang up on the sidewalk and were whipped into tiny tornados by the winter wind. Icicles hung brittle; translucent shadows ran through them in liquid movement. The moon lay frozen in a fog of vanilla whiteness. Black clouds grappled and meshed in front of the fog and covered it with charcoal smudges. A

tortured gale smashed through the branches of a snow-bent tree and caused it to sway sluggishly and painfully. White ermine shawls dropped from the tree and exposed an occasional dark stiff twig. Curtains of sleet fluttered and tore as they hurtled by a street lamp, opening tiny craters in the fallen snow and filling in the cracks of crumbling bark.

Then a faint luminescence appeared on the horizon and slowly swallowed the darkness. The wind, now exhausted, threw a fine veil over the huddling trees and an ominous, early morning calm set in. Shadows danced across the lustrous surface of the fallen snow, ever so quietly, without disturbing the tranquility. A small avalanche of snow sifted through the lower limbs of an evergreen and speckled the snow with stiff dried needles. In the distance a snowplow ground its gears as its rusty shovel bit through the snapping crust of the snow. Its treads sank deep and left zig-zag tracks as they moved away. A light in the house across the way blinked on, a solitary light in the gray dawn. A lemon-colored halo appeared on the horizon. I could hear the silence of the morning just beginning, still dark and grey. Somehow it was different from the silence of night. The glowing teardrop face of the street lamp, which had just been bitten and bruised by the wild wind and sleet, now hung in a dreamy, silent sleep as I too crawled back to bed and slept.

Paul Housberg

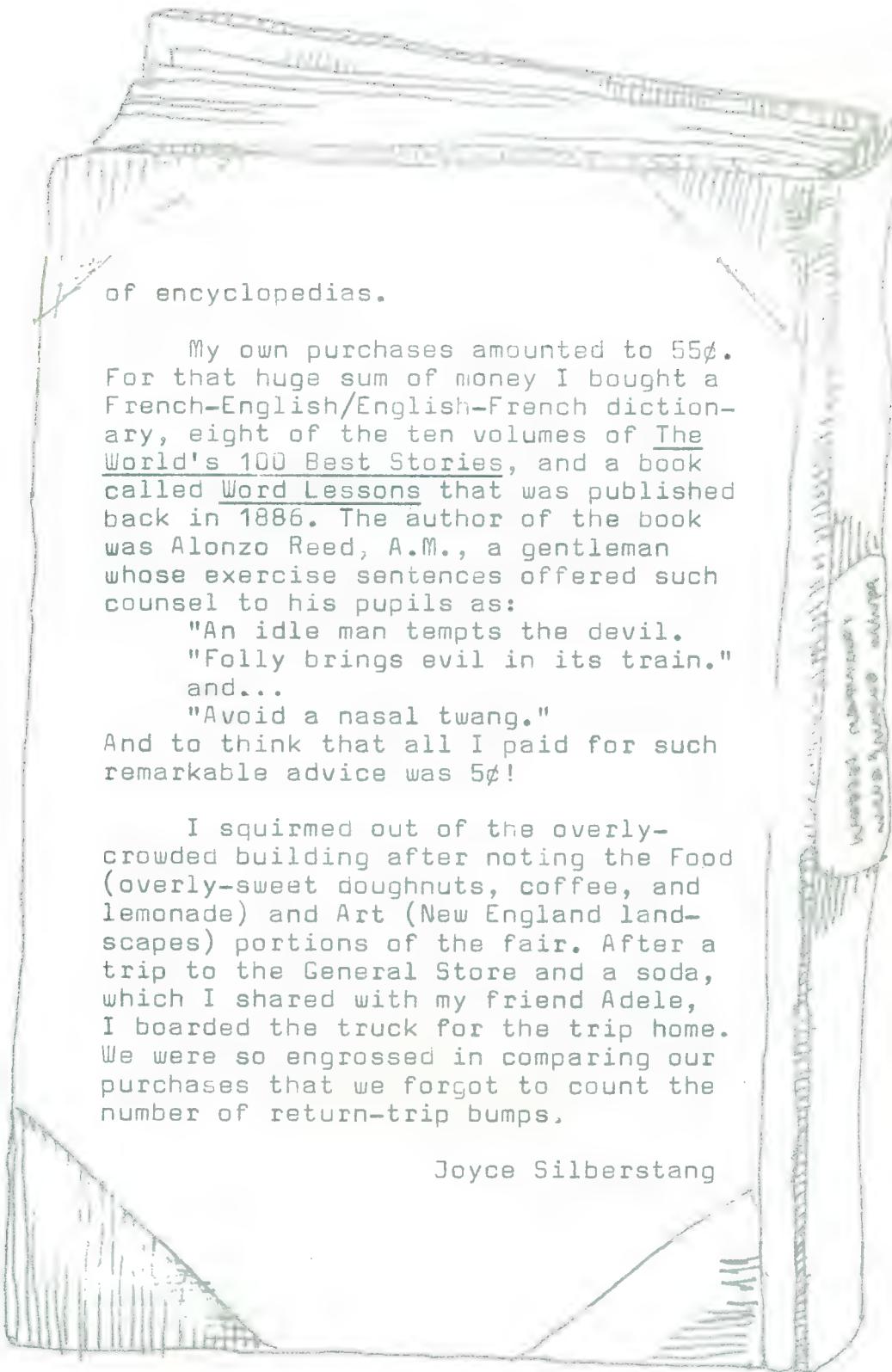
BARGAIN BOOK FAIR

Actually, John Fraerson had expected that only one or two kids would accompany him to the Bridgewater Book, Art, and Food Fair. So when he saw sixty-three of us running toward him, trampling everything in our path, he threw up his hands and groaned.

After signing our names to twenty-nine or so lists---including various releases, insurance policies, and vaccination forms that Hal Ewen kept producing---we departed on the short but bumpy trip. Hal was accompanying us because, in previous summers, he used to lead a similar trip. Also along for the ride, according to the list, were Betty Boop and Elmer Fudd. (Our return-trip was delayed some thirteen minutes while the counselors tried to find Boop and Fudd.)

After some three-hundred thirty-nine-and-a-half bumps in the red truck, we reached our destination. We spilled out of the truck and entered a crowded building. The scene was one of utter confusion. People were pushing and stepping on each other's toes, rushing to grab a book at a bargain price. With prices ranging from 5¢ to \$4, the Buck's Rock library could afford to splurge---and did! We bought fifty books and a set

R. TABBAR



of encyclopedias.

My own purchases amounted to 55¢. For that huge sum of money I bought a French-English/English-French dictionary, eight of the ten volumes of The World's 100 Best Stories, and a book called Word Lessons that was published back in 1886. The author of the book was Alonzo Reed, A.M., a gentleman whose exercise sentences offered such counsel to his pupils as:

"An idle man tempts the devil.

"Folly brings evil in its train."
and...

"Avoid a nasal twang."

And to think that all I paid for such remarkable advice was 5¢!

I squirmed out of the overly-crowded building after noting the Food (overly-sweet doughnuts, coffee, and lemonade) and Art (New England landscapes) portions of the fair. After a trip to the General Store and a soda, which I shared with my friend Adele, I boarded the truck for the trip home. We were so engrossed in comparing our purchases that we forgot to count the number of return-trip bumps.

Joyce Silberstang

'A Breezy Sort of Existence'

A bearded young man of indeterminable age is sitting out on the front lawn reading his own poetry. He criticizes many things, seemingly unavoidable human acts like war and hate. He finds good in other things; statues, humans, love. This man is Hunter Ingalls, professor of art history at Columbia University.

Many of his poems are purely factual, relating to some of the more morbid facts of life. I guess the word I would use to describe this sort of poetry would be "interesting." I enjoy poems that flow freely, smoothly, loosely. A poem shouldn't hit you with its meaning like a lead block. It should just flow into you, ooze in. It shouldn't be forced in.

The first poem that he read was called "Peazzerless City." In this poem he criticizes the Tactical Police Force of New York City. It was obvious that he was objecting to the police violence at Columbia last spring. He came right out and denigrated the police force and I agreed with him, completely understanding the poem without very much thought. No further comment needed.

His next poem was "Thoughts" and I enjoyed this poem a lot more than the previous one. What do soldiers in the front line in Viet Nam (or in any war) think about? "Will I ever go back home? Ever? Am I going to die? When?" This poem was provocative because it wan't without alternate interpretations.

Some of his poetic narratives are almost prose, many of them capturing local color. This is important in a poem, for human nature is about the most important topic in the world. It is perhaps the deciding factor in the activities of man.

One poem that contained much local color was the story of Mt. Rushmore and how it got its name. Prof. Ingalls was riding his motor scooter across the country, and he passed Mt. Rushmore. He was curious as to how the mountain got its name. He asked one griz-

zled old man, and he told the story like this: "Well-sir, a while back a lawyer man was travelling by, and he asked the residents of the town exactly what the name of the mountain was. The people said to him, 'Wellsir, we ain't got no right name for this here mountain yet. What's yours?' 'My name's Rushmore,' he replied. Wellsir, right then and there they decided that they would call the mountain Mt. Rushmore, because that seemed as good a name as any."

Much of Ingalls' poetry was written on the spur of the moment. Many tell the stories of statues and these are some of his best poems. Sometimes, when you sit and think and think and think, and then you think some more, no ideas will come to you. But other times, you can just look at something and it will inspire you to compose a poem. The latter seems to be the way Hunter Ingalls writes his poetry. Is it good? For him, it seems to be.

Much of his poetry is funny. But it is not out-and-out funny. It's sort of sit-back-and-let-it-seep-in funny. It's a relaxed sort of funny. And that's good, because so many poets these days write so many poems of sadness and injustice that this sort of poetry, to me at least, is a welcome relief. Life isn't always one big tragedy as some poets would like us to think. Hunter Ingalls sees much of life as a breezy sort of existence. Not all, much. But that's all right, because in poetry you should write what you feel, and he does that.

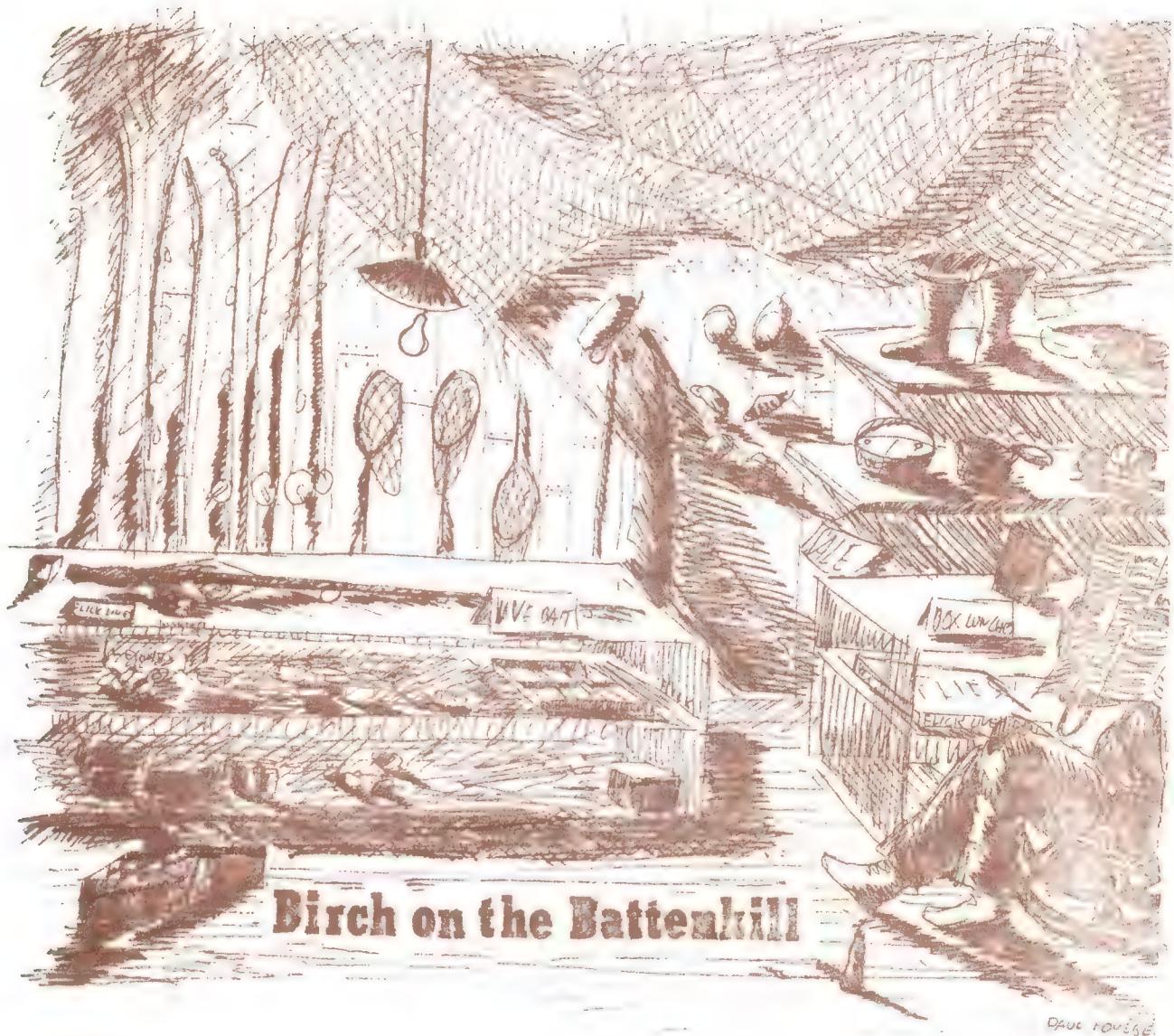
Perhaps the best way to describe Hunter Ingalls is to say that he is a man who just sits back and lets life seep in. He seems to know what he wants out of life, and he seems to be getting it.

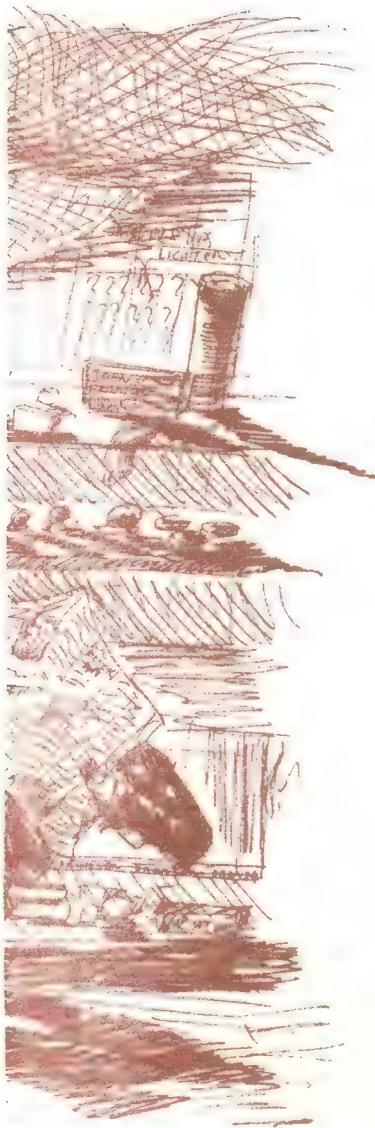
Edward Hayman

Daydream

My eye stares
Into a bowl of crystal and color.
Expanding vines of silvery syrup
Binding my brain
Set my blood dancing
In a mist of silent song.
I tiptoe past glistening images
Until I stumble on a cloud and
Suddenly
Drop through.

Carol Brodkin





Throughout the foothills of the Adirondacks it's a well-known fact that you can buy good bait and find the best talk at Mike's Tackle Shop. It's on the north side of the bridge that carries 313 across the Battenkill and into Vermont, and only 500 yards from the best fishing pool in the north-east or at least that's what the population that keeps floating in and out of Shushan, N.Y., claims.

Mike is a Massachusetts man himself, Williams-town, but he's taken the twenty-seven mile trip to his shop daily for thirty years to share the wisdom of his sixty-seven years with the sportsmen who drop in to visit him. They still find him, I expect, with his feet up on a table to the left of the door---Mike never did like life behind the counter---a newspaper in his hands, his eyes following them intently from the minute the old brass bells above the door jangle.

Fame hasn't spoiled Mike. Norman Rockwell--- he was in the shop many times and he once did a portrait of Mike. Captains of industry have come to learn from Mike how to fish the Battenkill with its tricky currents and shifting bottom, for his tips invariably bring results.

When I was fifteen I'd go to Mike's shop every Wednesday morning at nine o'clock. I'd let the mainstream sweep me down to the bridge as fast as only the Battenkill can take you when you're lying flat on your stomach. Then I'd work my way over

to the side where a path runs from the deep pool to the shop.

And he'd always be there, never missing a day in all the years he had owned the store. And he always carried birch beer. It was sort of a habit with him to give me birch beer for free. "A gift for my friend," he'd explain, when other customers wondered why I should get for free what they had to put down their dimes for.

He knew every life along the width and breadth of the Battenkill. And he'd prattle about the history and residents of Arlington Valley. There was the Woodmill that the farmers destroyed in '34 because it was wrecking the river from the Border to the Hudson. There was Shushan with its 750 diehards whose lives revolved around a garage, a post office, and a general store. There were the sportsmen who, before they came into Mike's store, didn't know how to choose a fly or net a catch. And there was Rockwell, whose home overlooked the river and the valley.

Sometimes, in the afternoon, Mike'd take me along with him when he fished at the deep pool near the bridge---each fly carefully selected from his own, private, handmade collection, each cast masterfully aimed and executed. We'd eat sandwiches and drink birch beer as we sat real still catching two or three trout apiece. Then we'd pack up the store and go our different ways, Mike driving the Ford wagon which never broke down in the seventeen years since its purchase, and I walking along the banks.

Last summer was the last time I was up Mike's way. He's still in the shack on 313, just sitting and talking. His car still carries him to the store punctually at nine, and all the Adirondacks still come to learn from him the ways of the river. But things have changed. Rockwell's moved, and the land along the river's been bought up. Mike's wife died a year ago, his children are gone. (He never did tell me why they'd left the paradise of the country.) I guess Mike's pretty much alone now, old and alone.

"Sixty-seven years is more than half a man's life," he explained. But Mike isn't really sixty-seven; he's still as young as he was the first Wednesday I met him, and he'll stay that way till one Wednesday he'll simply be no more. His shop'll be taken over by a Charley-somethin'-or-other, but it won't be the same shop. And The Knotty Pine in Arlington---that's not the same anymore, either. "The world's turned over a new leaf, Matt," Mike told me last time I saw him. "You can't get birch beer any more."

Matt Moloshok





Song of the Summer

A Summation, with Apologies to Walt Whitman

I celebrate the summer, and I praise Buck's Rock,
And what I remember you will remember,
For this is a summer that none will forget.

I drew and went on sketch trips,
I watched the day at the races, the sunset bronches,
The trip, the first trip, buses to Tanglewood.
"Firebird Suite" and Borden's ice cream.
Bookstores, foodlines, music on the grass.

Food and clothing in profusion,
"The Fall of the House of Usher," bugs and flashlights.
Hunter Ingalls, Oliver played in "The Adding Machine."
I listened to the wind and bad, I heard James Oss and Jacqueline Carter.

My cabin, my bunk, is full of paper, the shelves are crowded
with "Weeder's."
I read those sheets, I know I like them, The Monthly Press
was printed in gold.

The shops are not all open pre-season, the Silver Shop has
fresh white paint, new stones and clean cabinets.
The camp movie greeted new faces, old ones reflected onto the
screen.

I went to the first square dance, to the Musicircus, I saw
three bands play their electronic sounds, I saw John dance
over their swords.

The Columbia debate,
dogmas, arguments, these students were there.
A campfire, Evening of Crafts, Ingrid Berman, "Spellbound,"
skiing and murder, popcorn from the canteen.
My creations, silkscreens, sculptures, silver rings, a marionette
for "The Little Prince."
The sheep on the farm, feeding the sow and the piglets, the base-
ball field lights.
I ran breathless in search of clues,
I never know who won the Searchin.
A psychology seminar, throwing clay, evenings in The Art Shop.

"The Courageous One," what we were,
amused, upset, moved, the indecision of the rain,
Stratford, Richard II, broadcasts of plays, jugband summers,
Looking back I see the summer.

The CITs on Bastille Day, storming that prison.
The search for flowers, on fields and hills, Chicken Hill blossoming,
The Graffiti-In, scribblings on paper, on tan legs, all those seminars
on everything.
"The Bicycle Thief," creative writing class, next day the movie
people met.
I have heard the folksingers on the lawn, the songs of bloody
banners,
But they do not sing of the summer's end.

There was never a night like the College Bowl,
The questions, orange drink sounds, Lou Simon into the microphone.
There were never such over-nights, segregation in the woods.
The Baroque concert, recorders, a piano playing, Science films,
Richard the II.
I am happy--I wave my banner and the Lampoon staff rallies,
They make speeches and talk of peace, Ernst's acceptances, Ilse
and her White House milk machine.

Poets and artists surround me,
People I meet, the effects of the Print Shop, or the Weaving
Studio,
The seminars, dance classes, BBC.
My sculpture, my wooden bowl, cabinet, bench,
The meaning of "Citizen Kane,"
The WORKSHOP PRODUCTION, "Brecht on Brecht," cast parties and a
smash hit.
Dance Night, Joylon Hofsted the Potter, Mike Goldfarb reading,
Jack Kramer's Pogo Cello.
These have come and gone from here again,
But I remember.

Shop trips to Kent Fall, Mt. Tom, swimming and splashing, writing
long poems.
Ukrainian Folk dances, tryouts for plays, second seconds after dinner.
The loud and quiet both create. They make themselves into craftsmen.
Pots, saris, wooden things, all are made, their stones are set.
Summer ending! Now I realize that it is true, what I thought,
What happened so quickly between my coming and this time,
Where the summer went when I sat on the lawn, when I read,
wrote, Miss Agape of 1968.
And again as I go to my cabin and pass by the starry sky
I think of the summer going.

Sue Mernit



Afterword

Millions of Suns! Millions of Suns! In the skies. Universe after Universe. Billions of Stars. All Suns. Giants, glowing red towards the ends of their lifespans, billions of years away. Stars, bluish-white, exploding into the beginning of their existence. All suns with planets rotating, galaxy after galaxy, end without end, unreachable by man, staggering his imagination, exhausting his comprehension. Challenge forever beyond his reach? Millions of Suns!

The Sun also rises. The sun rises, breaking through the cool morning mists. Warming us now, now hidden by clouds, Our Sun. Cold in the winter skies, hot on a July noon. Our Sun. Without our sun, there would be no life, there would be no man.

Millions of Suns. Billions of planets. Do they sustain life on their surfaces? Life as we know it? Life as we don't know it? Or is life just ours? Unrepeated on trillions of planets? Just ours? A freak? An accident? A unique gift? An unimaginable occurrence? Is earth the center of the Universe? The center that gives meaning and purpose to all creation? Or is it something, tucked away, on a planet circling a tenth rate star, a star amongst trillions of stars; a speck of dust in one galaxy amongst millions of galaxies? Shall we ever know? We, on a planet circling one sun, one of millions of suns?

The sun shines. The sun shines on our earth. The sun shines on us, measuring our lives. Morning, noon, night, hour by hour, minute by minute. Nourishing, nurturing, life sustaining. The sun shines, burning, fierce, destructive. Thunder and Lightning. Floods and Storms. Devastation and Upheaval.

Here we are! Each one of us. Millions of men. Millions of suns. We! We men, we, too, are sending out our rays, as if we were suns. We nourish each other, we create new lives, we nurture them. We love and sustain, we help, we feel. Brotherhood of Man. For whomever the bell tolls, it tolls for me. But we hate. We shoot and kill. Cannons and gunpowder, bombs and fire. War and poison. Jealousy and envy. Falsehood and lies.

But there's a difference. The sun, our sun, millions of suns. They exist.

"The sun-orb sings in emulation
Mid brother spheres, his ancient round
His path predestined through creation
He ends with steps of thunder-sound."
The sun shines on the just, the sun shines on the evil; at the hour of birth, at the hour of death. Unmoved. Unmovable. The sun follows along the path of an endless journey, prescribed, unchangeable.

Millions of men. We have a choice. We have eaten from the tree of knowledge. We know of good, we know of evil. We can steer our course, we can be the captains of our ships, the masters of our destinies. True: we are caught between birth and death, but as long as we walk the road bridging beginning and end, we can decide. We can nourish tenderly, love strongly, create passionately. We can also do evil, rob and deprive, inflict injury and pain, cause suffering and devastation. We can lead lives of desperation, we can lead lives of exultation.

Millions of suns, blind, burning but dead, bound by the laws of physics and chemistry, spending their energies unconsciously and aimlessly.

Millions of Men. Vulnerable, threatened by death and injuries, accident and fate. But not blind! Endowed with eyes to see, with ears to hear, with brains to think, with hearts to feel. Growing, creating, free to spend their energies, free to decide, free to choose the road.

Million of Suns! Millions of Men!



Directory

What is a man anyhow? what am I? what are you?

Boys

Peter Ader	39 Cross Highway	Westport Conn 06880	227-7414	2-1
Peter Adesman	3596 Bedford Ave	Brooklyn NY 11210	DE8-9517	12-14
Robert Aisenberg	215 Trenor Drive	New Rochelle NY	NE2-5889	5-1
David Appelson	65 Park Terrace West	New York NY 10034	WI2-3336	3-1
Philip Auerbach	111 Towanda Ave	Philadelphia Pa 19126	635-3742	6-10
Peter Axelrod	71 Spring Street	Metuchen NJ 08840	LI8-3800	8-17
Eric Bazilian	6520 Wissahickon Ave	Philadelphia Pa 19119	GE8-1111	7-21
Peter Becker	Hawley Road	North Salem NY 10560	NO9-5457	11-22
Daniel Berkow	17 Luddington Terr	West Orange NJ	731 6026	6-26
Peter Berley	34 Sherwood Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-6443	10-1
Andy Bernard	39 Concord Road	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-4395	2-16
Robert Bleiweiss	10 Dutch Hollow Dr	Orangeburg NY	EL9-1558	6-24
Glenn Borin	53 Hampshire Road	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-2808	3-25
Joshua Brain	462 E Saddle River Rd	Upper Saddle River NJ	327-9568	6-18
Arthur Breslau	35-35 - 75 Street	Jackson Hgts NY 11372	TW8-4934	9-26
Jed Brickner	4720 Grosvenor Ave	Bronx NY 10471	KI9-5605	9-27
Joshua Brody	3338 Giles Place	Bronx NY 10463	KI6-4421	3-12
Andre Brooks	14 Cranford Road	Plainview NY 11803	938-9357	12-22
Louis Brown	1895 Second Ave 14F	New York NY 10029	TE1-5159	2-1
Abbot Burns	14 Beverly Road	New Rochelle NY	636-8038	4-20
David Cantor	1 West 72 Street	New York NY 10023	TR7-9549	4-30
Robert Carlin	228 Terhune Road	Princeton NJ 08540	921-6692	3-17
Douglas Coe	1 Shadow Lane	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-7358	7-11
Richard Colbert	15 Farm Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	HT4-0762	9-25
Joshua Daniel	865 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	MO3-4830	3-20
Jonathan Diener	Jaffray Court	Irvington NY 10533	LY1-8910	10-2
Bruce Dresner	398 Plaza Road No	Fair Lawn NJ	SW7-7918	8-15
Larry Engelstein	320 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	EN2-2843	10-27
Peter Epstein	2 Foxhurst Court	Manhasset Hills NY 11040	GE7-6240	2-4
Peter Erdman	46 Vine Road	Larchmont NY	TE4-1222	11-3
Jerry Fein	202 Saddlewood Dr	Hillsdale NJ 07642	664-2055	3-1
Miles Fidelman	55 Locust Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-8969	4-3
Paul Fisher	227-06 Stronghurst Av	Queens Village NY 11427	HO4-4777	4-27
Robert Fisher	5 Legion Place	Malverne NY 11565	LY9-8005	6-28
Larry Fishkin	194 Dellwood Road	Metuchen NJ 08840	LI8-4274	6-24
Martin Fletcher	3609 Bedford Ave	Brooklyn NY 11210	DE8-7548	12-2
David Freed	60 West 57 Street	New York NY 10019	PL7-9632	9-7
Nick Gilbert	790 Riverside Dr 11B	New York NY 10032	AU3-3142	6-11
Alan Glickman	538 Rutland Ave	Teaneck NJ	TE3-0086	1-5
Gregg Golden	8433 Michener Ave	Philadelphia Pa 19150	CH2-6674	11-23
Peter Goldstein	1924 East 24 St	Brooklyn NY 11229	DE9-1482	4-12
Henry Goodgold	20 Halyard Road	No Woodmere NY 11581	PY1-4922	3-19
Robert Goodkind	510 East 86 Street	New York NY 10028	RE7-1992	7-8
Jeff Goodman	290 Vose Ave	So Orange NJ	SO2-0631	9-2
Tim Gordon	138-10 Franklin Ave	Flushing NY 11355	FL8-2486	9-22

David Grant	19 Joann Circle	Westport Conn 06880	227-8587	6-20
Michael Graver	227 Hedstrom Drive	Buffalo NY 14226	TF2-7400	2-5
Benjamin Greene	62 Maple Drive	Great Neck NY 110	HU7-4114	8-17
Van Greene	56 Eastern Drive	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-9174	6-20
Dean Halper	40 Stoner Ave	Great Neck NY 11021	482-6891	5-6
Robert Halperin	36 Farley Road	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-3424	2-19
Robert Harmon Jr	24 Helena Ave	Larchmont NY	TE4-5012	12-23
Jonathan Haskel	37 Pearl Street	Valley Stream NY 11581	PY1-7495	4-16
Edward Hayman	7 Dunster Road	Great Neck NY 11021	HN6-9388	10-29
Joe Herzfeld	2 Hotel Drive	White Plains NY 10605	761-7543	2-28
John Jacobs	162-33 - 14 Ave	Beechhurst NY 11357	463-4387	7-30
David Jaffee	70 East 96 Street	New York NY 10028	EN9-9183	7-22
Mitchell Janklow	162 Westwood Circle	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-6528	6-15
David Jarmul	11 Virginia Ave	Freeport NY 11520	FR9-8652	4-18
David Johnston	57 Judson Ave	Dobbs Ferry NY 10522	OW3-4375	7-29
Michael Joondeph	39 Big Oak Lane	Stamford Conn	322-7713	5-17
Steven Kasher	15 West 81 Street	New York NY 10024	SU7-3869	1-23
David Kaufman	942 White Pine Ave	DePere Wisconsin 54115	336-4010	3-15
James Kaufman	99 Clarendon Court	Metuchen NJ 08840	548-4265	2-1
Victor Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10028	S12-2129	7-14
Noah Kinigstein	123 Second Ave	New York NY 10003	GR5-4184	7-17
Joshua Konecky	750 Kappock Street	Bronx NY 10463	KI9-1906	3-11
Alan Korncoff	2765 Ocean Ave	Brooklyn NY 11229	DE2-2892	12-22
Andrew Kraus	4 Summit Ave	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-3607	4-9
Peter Kurshan	849 Bryant Street	Woodmere NY 11598	295-0447	10-25
John Levinson	117 Oak Ave	Metuchen NJ 08840	LI8-4261	4-30
Jim Levitt	875 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10021	RE4-2338	1-18
Jonathan Levy	43 Graham Ave	Metuchen NJ 08840	LI8-1012	1-11
Lyle Liberman	202 Maytime Drive	Jericho NY 11753	GE3-5468	12-1
Edward Loeb	36 Ackley Ave	Malverne NY 11565	LY3-5069	2-16
David Lopato	1231 East 21 St	Brooklyn NY 11210	CL3-7221	3-30
Alan Lovler	13 Hightop Lane	Jericho NY 11753	WE5-2026	7-18
Jeffrey Low	1080 Nine Acres Lane	Mamaroneck NY	OW8-3012	9-6
Michael Low	1080 Nine Acres Lane	Mamaroneck NY	OW8-3012	3-16
Steven Lurie	411 Church Ave	Cedarhurst NY 11516	295-0227	8-25
Steven Magalnick	180 Dogwood Road	Roslyn NY 11576	MA1-3171	11-22
Jonathan Mann	505 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	EN2-1019	7-25
Stuart Marcus	285 Dolphin Drive	Woodmere NY 11598	FR4-1237	4-16
Jeffrey Marqusee	26 Kensington Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-4257	9-30
David Matison	Cooper-Morris Drive	Pomona NY 10970	356-6997	4-19
Dana Matthow	2252 Hoffman Ave	Elmont NY	775-3855	5-5
Robert McCarthy	142 West End Ave 18U	New York NY 10023	799-3561	12-5
Robert Miller	1717 East 18 St 5C	Brooklyn NY 11229	339-0039	3-17
Matthew Moloshok	22 Rutledge Road	Scarsdale NY 10583	BE5-2271	11-14
William Moloshok	22 Rutledge Road	Scarsdale NY 10583	BE5-2271	5-3
Leo Orenstein	19 Glenside Drive	West Orange NJ	731-7614	8-20
Paul Orgel	33 Stony Brook Rd	Westport Conn 06880	227-6855	2-6
David Ost	515 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	787-6191	10-24
Randolph Ostrow	24 Montrose Road	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-4223	12-16

Mark Pesner	134-39 166 Pl Blv 18 4G	Jamaica NY 11434	276-9415	3-26
Richard Peters	153-22 - 78 Road	Flushing NY 11367	JA6-8725	7-14
Tony Peyser	19 Charlton St	New York NY 10014	AL5-1295	11-8
Kenneth Plotnik	138-23 - 78 Ave	Flushing NY 11367	JA6-5881	6-2
David Poll	700 Ft Washington Ave	New York NY 10040	WA7-7819	1-20
Jon Progoff	45 East 72 St	New York NY 10021	744-0464	6-21
Michael Putiak	625 Ashford Ave	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-5757	5-25
Mark Ranyak	Kirby Lane North	Rye NY	WO7-0089	5-11
Lawrence Reiss	249-18 Shiloh Ave	Bellerose NY 11426	FI7-3770	2-29
Peter Rock	47 Peachtree Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	621-0583	9-12
Eric Rosenberg	9102 - 68 Ave	Forest Hills NY 11375	LIL-3165	7-12
Joel Rothaizer	147-44 - 69 Road	Flushing NY 11367	261-9655	4-5
Stephen Rothman	457 East Sidney Ave	Mt Vernon NY 10553	699-4237	10-15
Joel Rush	259 Beach 131 St	Belle Harbor NY	NE4-0085	2-23
Bill Sanders	4 McKinley Place	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-4694	3-9
Don Schanche	54 Magnolia Ave	Larchmont NY	TE4-6019	1-20
David Schwartz	4 Rest Ave	Ardsley NY 10502	OW3-4817	4-20
Evan Schwartz	3 Crestwood Road	Westport Conn 06880	227-9257	8-10
David Shain	69 Woodhull Place	Northport NY	AN1-4762	3-10
Jon Shenker	31 Wildwood Drive	Great Neck NY 11024	HU7-7585	11-12
David Shwalb	30 No Star Drive	Morristown NJ	538-6730	9-16
Peter Simon	921 Washington Ave	Brooklyn NY 11225	287-6210	7-29
Russell Sindler	642 Highland Road	Ithaca NY 14850	273-8188	8-8
Henry Sipser	65 Overlook Circle	New Rochelle NY	NE2-0126	3-7
John Sirota	Lounsbury Road	Croton-on-Hudson NY	MU4-3400	1-27
David Spector	168 Elm St	Tenafly NJ 07670	567-5311	12-19
Joseph Spitz	19 Grace Court	Brooklyn NY 11201	UL2-2078	2-3
Michael Springer	370 West 255 St	Bronx NY 10471	884-2083	11-15
Alexander Stein	96 Bank St	New York NY 10014	924-6327	5-28
Jonathan Stein	714 Cedar Lawn Ave	Far Rockaway NY 11691	FA7-6903	6-11
Peter Stein	96 Bank St	New York NY 10014	924-6327	11-2
Colley Stephenson	88-68 - 195 St	Hollis NY 11423	479-4747	5-23
Bobby Stevens	83 Shepherd Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-4493	6-21
Mark Strickler	31 Lafayette Dr	Woodmere NY 11598	FR4-2507	8-29
Joseph Thomas	148-15 - 116 Ave	Jamaica NY 11436	0L9-7669	8-9
Richard Tiffen	58 Midwood Cross	Roslyn NY 11576	621-4583	8-13
Marc Toberoff	176 East 77 St	New York NY 10021	TR9-4608	5-24
Jeffrey Trow	8 Northway	Hartsdale NY 10530	693-3124	3-8
Michael Ubell	482 Summit Ave	Hackensack NJ 07601	487-2288	4-22
Steven Vogel	15 Washington Pl	New York NY 10003	SP7-8257	2-21
Kenneth Walker	66 Allenwood Road	Great Neck NY 11023	482-3026	8-23
Richard Wechsler	1231 Bennington Ave	Philadelphia Pa	MU2-4151	1-23
Thomas Wegman	182 Delaware Ave	Freeport NY 11520	MA3-0452	11-12
Paul Weiss	2517 Yates Ave	Bronx NY 10469	TV2-7519	10-6
Scott Wellman	228-10 Stronghurst Av	Queens Village NY 11427	HO4-4793	3-23
Richard Yamet	4525 Henry Hudson Pky	Riverdale NY 10471	KI8-5577	5-1
David Zaff	65 Central Park West	New York NY 10023	787-0211	1-16
Jonathan Zaff	65 Central Park West	New York NY 10023	787-0211	9-29
George Zweifler	812 Jefferson St	Woodmere NY 11598	295-1722	6-23

Girls

Abby Attinson	73-63 - 193 St	Flushing NY 11366	SP6-5440	2-21
Linda Axelrod	71 Spring St	Metuchen NJ 08840	LI8-3800	6-8
Erica Babad	31 Sprain Valley Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	GR2-4937	5-11
Stephanie Bailey	10 Pilling St	Brooklyn NY 11207	455-8636	11-27
Jane Baker	66 Everett Rd	Demarest NJ 07627	768-8988	10-12
Anita Barzman	19 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	OR7-1278	8-19
Pam Bauman	21 Shadow Lane	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-8087	2-8
Heidi Berkow	17 Luddington Terr	West Orange NJ 07052	RE1-6026	4-27
Ellen Berman	38 Sprain Valley Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC3-2773	2-13
Emily Berzoff	11 Willow Place	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-1409	11-23
Amy Black	72 Park Terr West E39	New York NY 10034	LO9-1495	9-4
Maggi Block	110-33 - 72 Ave	Forest Hills NY 11375	LI4-6948	10-5
Tina Bodtke	53 Beverly Rd	Hempstead NY 11550	IV3-4039	5-10
Mia Borgatta	320 Clinton Ave	Dobbs Ferry NY 10522	693-9415	1-22
Karen Brinn	97 Beacon Hill Dr	Dobbs Ferry NY 10522	0W3-4893	10-20
Barbara Brooks	5410 Netherland Ave	Bronx NY 10471	KI9-8125	7-27
Frances Camper	40 West 77 St	New York NY 10024	787-8722	1-4
Myra Chanley	20 Stockton Rd	Kendall Park NJ 08824	297-1471	6-8
Naomi Chernoff	525 Edgewood Ave	New Haven Conn	776-5982	2-5
Suzanne Chutroo	9-15 - 166 St	Whitestone NY 11357	445-2451	2-5
Catherine Clare	50 Central Park West	New York NY 10003	TR3-2553	7-9
Amy Cohen	120 High St	E Williston NY 11596	PI2-0927	6-8
Debbie Cohen	32-42 - 91 St	Jackson Hghts NY 11369	HA4-1252	8-16
Tammy Dames	33-68 - 21 St	L I City NY 11106	YE2-4238	3-25
Dale Dancis	217 Melbourne Rd	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-4072	5-4
Nancy Drukker	30 Cow Lane	Great Neck NY 11024	HU7-7264	3-28
Suzanne Ducat	322 West 72 St	New York NY 10023	SC4-2055	4-10
Vivian Ducat	322 West 72 St	New York NY 10023	SC4-2055	1-31
Nina Duhl	2911 Avalon Court	Berkeley Calif	8-2	
Elizabeth Edelstein	2282 Bronx Park East	Bronx NY 10467	KI7-0523	8-19
Ilene Freilich	7819 Bay Parkway	Brooklyn NY 11214	BE6-0882	7-13
Hetty Friedman	316 Argyle Rd	Brooklyn NY 11218	BU2-4881	6-10
Joan Friedman	15 Lockwood Circle	Westport Conn 06880	227-2188	4-10
Madge Friedman	33-60 - 21 St	L I City NY 11106	YE2-1171	6-20
Francie Gilbert	790 Riverside Dr 11B	New York NY 10032	AU3-3142	8-10
Beth Goldfinger	4 Eagles Bluff	Port Chester NY 10573	WE9-1597	6-22
Laurie Goldstein	225 Victory Blvd	New Rochelle NY 10804	NE3-7110	6-9
Marianne Goldstein	545 Ellsworth Ave	New Haven Conn	562-7846	10-25
Ann Golob	182-61 Avon Rd	Jamaica NY 11432	OL8-2142	9-16
Audrey Gordon	345 West 88 St 7B	New York NY 10024	TR3-5985	3-2

Marcy Greenberg	449 Liberty Rd	Englewood NJ	568-0888	9-12
Nancy Gross	584 So Bayview Ave	Freeport NY 11520	MA3-0008	3-5
Nancy Guggenheim	101 Grayson Pl	Tearneck NJ 07666	837-2330	10-10
Dennie Gurman	24 Elmsmere Rd	Mt Vernon NY	699-5304	10-2
Deborah Herzog	6 Lohman Rd	Convent Station NJ	267-8646	3-27
Winnie Holzman	47 Hayloft Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-4472	8-18
Susan Hoppenfeld	4832 Kiswich Rd	Baltimore Md 21210	467-6781	3-8
Susan Horowitz	211 Central Park West	New York NY 10024	362-8283	6-26
Susan Howard	78 Winding Way	West Orange NJ 07052	731-5742	5-27
Mona Hyman	281 Barr Ave	Tearneck NJ 07666	836-4419	12-31
Adele Jacobson	44-55 Kissena Blvd	Flushing NY 11355	FL9-1855	5-10
Ellen Kahn	1466 Essex Rd	Tearneck NJ	837-2388	3-26
Janet Kaminsky	142 Leahy St	Jericho NY 11753	OV1-8165	7-29
Robin Kappy	9 Avondale Rd	Plainview NY 11803	OV1-1782	10-26
Cathy Katin	55 Dexter Rd	Yonkers NY 10710	W01-3282	10-25
Emily Kaufman	15 Egil Court	Roslyn NY 11576	484-1329	5-8
Margaret Kaufman	271 Hicks St	Brooklyn NY 11201	MA4-3502	8-9
Roni King	2085 Rockaway Pkwy	Brooklyn NY 11236	CL1-6846	4-9
Suzanne Kirschner	180 Pinehurst Ave	New York NY 10033	795-0119	12-14
Randy Kleppel	20 Oxford Pl	Massapequa NY 11758	PY8-4589	11-12
Elizabeth Klufer	238 Mamaroneck Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-4736	3-12
Jessica Krasilovsky	1177 Hardscrabble Rd	Chappaqua NY	CE8-8220	10-26
Amy Kraus	85-43 - 211 St	Queens Village NY 11427	HO5-0565	1-17
Diane Krevsky	884 Westminster Ave	Hillside NJ	EL4-8110	6-14
Ellen Leipziger	18 Mallard Rise	Irvington NY 10533	591-8878	11-10
Cynthia Lerner	350 Central Pk West 6G	New York NY 10025	222-1991	5-16
Ramona Levitt	711 Amsterdam Ave 8H	New York NY 10025	663-3708	6-22
Anita Light	1 Circle Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11576	MA1-9372	7-10
Jessica Litman	1047 So Negley Ave	Pittsburgh Pa 15217	441-6777	6-3
Debbie Long	1001 City Ave	Philadelphia Pa 19151	MI2-4295	7-17
Claudia Lory	780 West End Ave	New York NY 10025	MO3-2240	3-13
Jacqueline Masloff	61-30 - 231 St	Bayside NY 11364	BA9-0330	7-27
Susan Mernit	17 Meadow Woods Rd	Lake Success NY 11020	466-0688	1-23
Toby Miroff	315 West 98 St	New York NY 10025	MO3-7683	4-9
Susan Moore	82 Old Hill Rd	Westport Conn 06880	226-4874	5-24
Deborah Morgens	60 Sutton Pl So	New York NY 10022	935-0874	6-3
Ginger Moschetta	45 Garfield Ave	Glen Head NY 11545	OR6-8164	5-4
Margaret Munves	230 West 78 St	New York NY 10024	724-3701	3-4
Cynthia Nast	14 Burling Ave	White Plains NY 10605	WH8-6397	12-1
Marilyn Neiman	674 Ogden Ave	Teaneck NJ 07666	836-4600	9-9
Shelly Packer	76 Kingsley Dr	Yonkers NY	779-4487	4-16
Stella Paul	2000 Oakmont St	Philadelphia Pa 19152	FI2-8745	2-7
Jan Peyser	2 Redwood Dr RFD 1	Huntington NY 11743	AR1-2859	7-18
Karen Puttermann	8 Center Dr	Malba NY 11357	445-9772	3-24

Naomi Rabinowitz	2515 Yates Ave	Bronx NY 10469	TU2-4258	5-12
Irma Robins	290 Ninth Ave	New York NY 10001	YU9-3821	6-29
Elizabeth Rosenblum	110-35 Jewel Ave	Forest Hills NY 11375	B01-7134	5-11
Amelia Rosner	301 East 78 St	New York NY 10021	988-1392	7-12
Joanne Ross	132 Dogwood Rd	Roslyn NY 11576	HU7-2343	9-17
Deborah Rothman	139 Beacon Hill Dr	Dobbs Ferry NY 10522	OW3-5392	10-10
Carol Rubin	94 Reed Dr	Roslyn NY 11576	PI7-5141	9-6
Meg Rubin	27 Prospect Park West	Brooklyn NY 11215	ST3-2204	3-9
Raina Sacks	30 West 70 St	New York NY 10023	TR4-2916	1-3
Roberta Sales	162-18 - 59 Ave	Flushing NY 11365	FL8-4794	10-30
Sheran Salman	250 West 94 St	New York NY 10025	RI9-2366	4-23
Andrea Salwen	1138 East 22 St	Brooklyn NY 11210	253-6727	12-29
Susan Saunders	15 Maple Drive West	New Hyde Park NY 11040	FL2-8450	5-17
Barbara Schachter	1 Wilbur Drive	Great Neck NY 11021	466-4080	6-10
Rose Ann Schear	5 Fernway	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC3-1845	2-23
Susan Schoenbaum	186-12 Midland Pkwy	Jamaica NY 11432	CL4-0352	9-3
Cora Seiler	37 Nancy Blvd	Merrick NY 11566	868-2844	7-15
Monica Seligmann	621 West 8 St	Plainfield NJ	757-0698	6-9
Elisabeth Shapero	34 Hubbard Ave	Stamford Conn 06905	348-2938	4-22
Jennifer Sherman	Greenleaf Drive	Stamford Conn 06902	324-9604	5-17
Susan Shore	7827 Bergenline Ave	North Bergen NJ 07047	UN9-5215	2-11
Ellen Siebert	53 Cedarwood Lane	Bridgeport Conn 06604	372-6519	8-26
Joyce Silberstang	132 Hastings St	Brooklyn NY 11235	NI8-4831	5-25
Joan Simon	631 Kelton Ave	Los Angeles Calif	479-3621	5-18
Nina Skolsky	37 Cherry Lane	Smithtown NY 11787	AN5-2591	5-15
Anne Stein	553 Prospect Ave	River Vale NJ 07675	391-2449	12-2
Wendy Stuart	106 Magnolia Lane	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	M11-4949	5-14
Lisa Swerdlow	9 Ridge Dr East	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-7612	5-25
Joanna Tankel	37 Bank St	New York NY 10014	WA4-2170	9-19
Peggy Taylor	370 First Ave	New York NY 10010	OR7-2632	4-22
Melissa Thomas	148-15 - 116 Ave	Jamaica NY 11436	OL9-7669	7-19
Lisa Toberoff	176 East 77 St	New York NY 10021	TR9-4608	3-7
Deborah Trupin	573 Warwick Ave	Teaneck NJ 07666	837-4092	9-14
Barbara Tull	48 Spring St	Metuchen NJ 08840	549-1485	7-4
Amy Turim	7431 Baltimore Ave	Takoma Park Md	585-5375	4-8
Yvette Vanterpool	435 East 105 St	New York NY 10029	EN9-4921	5-3
Amy Waldinger	69-34 - 183 St	Flushing NY 11365	JA3-8565	4-10
Merry Walker	2866 Clubhouse Rd	Merrick NY 11566	868-2238	12-19
Phyllis Warren	3302 Bedford Ave	Brooklyn NY 11210	DE8-7268	3-23
Karen Waskow	3 Burbury Lane	Great Neck NY 11023	HU7-5581	3-31
Rima Waskow	3 Burbury Lane	Great Neck NY 11023	HU7-5581	4-18
Laura Wasserman	157 Ann St	Valley Stream NY 11580	VA5-2088	12-30
Amy Waxler	600 West 218 St	New York NY 10034	LO7-9115	10-10
Lisa Weiner	24 Rockingham Pl	Glen Rock NJ 07452	444-1036	5-22
Meryl Weinman	19 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	228-2605	6-15
Laura Yahr	23 Seely Place	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-0759	3-30
Marcy Zale	135 Walnut Lane	Manhasset NY	MU7-3641	5-22
Shelley Ziebel	3000 Bronx Pk East	Bronx NY 10467	TU2-5235	7-26
Sara Zitner	83 Pine Hill Rd	Great Neck NY 11020	HU7-8667	3-19

CIT Boys

Mitchell Atlas	2244 Renfrew Ave	Elmont NY 11003	GE7-2511	3-29
Jonathan Ben-Asher	3 Birchwood Dr	Livingston NJ	992-2008	9-21
Jody Bleiweiss	10 Dutch Hollow Dr	Orangeburg NY	EL9-1558	10-27
Andrew Burstein	1 Oriole Place	Port Chester NY	WE7-4527	6-16
Scott Camazine	29 Abbey Close	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC5-2480	8-4
David Deifik	75-26 - 189 St	Flushing NY 11366	776-1608	6-30
Henry Dunow	209 West 86 St	New York NY 10024	TR3-4212	11-1
James Feigelman	89-10 Whitney Ave	Elmhurst NY 11373	478-5524	8-28
Arnold Fern	1085 McKinley St	Baldwin NY 11510	BA3-9343	10-22
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Graphics---sitting girl by Renna Kaplan, nude figure by Lisa Siegel, John Jacobs by Renna Kaplan, reclining figure by Robert Rosenwasser

Silkscreens---gray silkscreen of couple by Maggie Block, black silkscreen of seated worker by Robin Kappy, light gray silkscreened poem illustration by Liza Stark, black silkscreen of seated girl by Lisa Seigel, two color silkscreen "Graffiti-in" illustration by Robert Rosenwasser, brown and black silkscreen of figures by Mia Borgotta, black and gray silkscreened poem illustration by Joe Herzfeld, double page silkscreen illustration of a crowd by Liza Stark, dark purple silkscreen of head and arms by Danny Berkow, black silkscreen of seated figure with trumpet by Richard Tiffen, black silkscreen of musing figure by Liza Stark

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Walt Whitman wrote the lines on the front of each divider page
Sue Mernit wrote the ones on the back

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Never oh never whatever you do, sing a

GORILLA SONG

Words by
Jack Seidler
Alan Seidler

Music by
Alan Seidler

Handwritten musical score for "GORILLA SONG" with lyrics and chords. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. The chords are indicated above the staves. The lyrics are as follows:

You sing a-bout June, can sing bout tune, A-ny sub-ject at
can you a-

all will do, but oh hea-vens a-bove, One thing I love, can't sing a-bout
CHORUS that

that thing too? Ne-ver oh Ne-ver what-e-ver you do, Sing a go-ril-la
song---, Ne-ver oh ne-ver what-ever you do, For to do so is ter-rib-ly
wrong---, You may sing of a thril-lar, a man from ni-ja and you will be
per-fect-ly strong--, but Ne-ver oh ne-ver what-e-ver you do, Sing a go-ril-la
song--. song, so wrong, Sing Go- ril-ia Song---.

SECOND VERSE

You can sing of the shape
Of a beautiful ape,
An ape who lived in the public zoo,
An orangutan's fine
And a chimp's just divine,
But there's one thing that will never do.

(CHORUS)